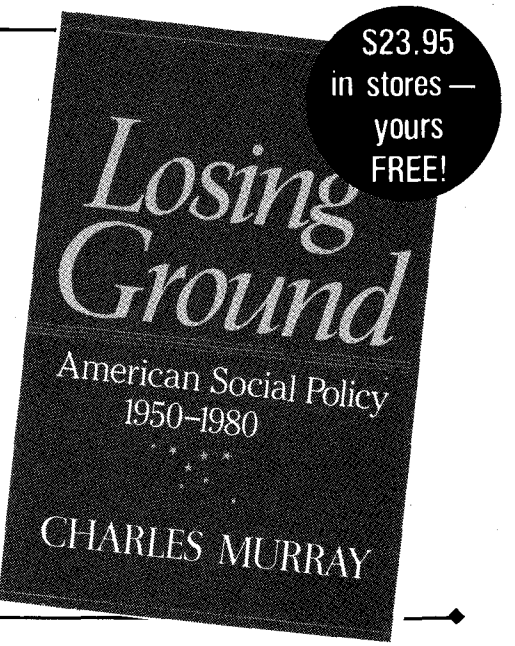
CHRONICLES OF
CULTURE
JANUARY 1986 $1.50

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Murray...has finally and unanswerably demolished both the moral and the practical claims of the welfare state"

—GEORGE GILDER, *The American Spectator*



This breakthrough book is making conservatives purr and liberals squirm . . .

"Murray's book, relentlessly logical and well-documented, should convince any serious reader that it must at least be squarely faced. . . . The heart of the book, the best and most devastating part, is a long compilation of data meant to prove that the poor have done worse as government programs aimed at them have flowered. It is especially uncomfortable reading because the case is made by comparing blacks to whites. . . . No doubt that racists will love Murray's book. So what? When millions of people are suffering, it seems irresponsible for the left to expend its intellectual energies on these blame-shifting exercises. . . . his is a vision that coheres, as the left's on this subject doesn't any more. . . . This is the problem that liberals must address; Murray's book in effect throws down the gauntlet to them. The standard responses (most of which Murray neatly sets up and demolishes) won't do, because they don't offer real hope of a solution."—*New Republic*

"Irrefutable."—John Chamberlain, syndicated column

"Without bile and without rhetoric, it lays out a stark truth that must be faced."—*Business Week*

"Devastating. . . . Those who already believe welfare is a poverty trap that undermines independence, ambition, and upward mobility will find Charles Murray's new book a powerful and well-documented affirmation of that belief."—*National Review*

"A great book. Others have recently made the same argument. . . . But Charles Murray's version . . . is particularly convincing. He writes with flair, but his tone is steadfastly nonpartisan; he marshals an immense amount of data . . . but never loses the reader in numbers; and he never ventures a conclusion for which he has not laid the most elaborate and convincing groundwork. . . . By the time Mr. Murray gets around to conclusions, even devotedly non-Reaganite yuppies will be ready to agree. . . . James Coleman, the University of Chicago sociologist, is quoted on the dust jacket . . . as saying 'future discussions of social policy cannot proceed without taking the arguments and evidence of this book into account.' Dust-jacket puffery is notorious, but in this case the compliment is, if anything, restrained. Mr. Murray's book is so well wrought that it is likely to dominate those discussions well into the 1980s."—*Wall Street Journal*

"Murray unabashedly asserts that slashing social spending is the greatest favor the Government can bestow upon the poor. . . . Conservatives have made that argument before, but no one has documented it as thoroughly as Murray does."—*Time*

Important for Christians

Is welfarism the way to help the poor? The National Council of Churches and the Catholic bishops think so. This book leaves them with only their biases.

How to get this myth-shattering volume FREE

How the Club Works

Every 4 weeks (13 times a year) you get a free copy of the Club Bulletin, which offers you the Featured Selection plus a good choice of Alternates — all of interest to conservatives. ★ If you want the Featured Selection, do nothing. It will come automatically. ★ If you don't want the Featured Selection or you do want an Alternate, indicate your wishes on the handy card enclosed with your Bulletin and return it by the deadline date. ★ The majority of Club books will be offered at 20-50% discounts, plus a charge for shipping and handling. ★ As soon as you buy and pay for 3 books at regular Club prices, your membership may be ended at any time, either by you or by the Club. ★ If you ever receive a Featured Selection without having had 10 days to decide if you want it, you may return it at Club expense for full credit. ★ Good service. No computers! ★ The Club will offer regular Superbargains, mc ,ly at 70-90% discounts plus shipping and handling. Superbargains do NOT count toward fulfilling your Club obligation, but do enable you to buy fine books at give-away prices. ★ Only one membership per household.

CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB

15 Oakland Avenue • Harrison, NY 10528

Please accept my membership in the Club and send me, free and postpaid, Charles Murray's $23.95 volume, *Losing Ground*. I agree to buy 3 additional books at regular Club prices over the next 18 months. I also agree to the Club rules spelled out in this coupon.

CCUL–5

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HALF PRICE SALE
— we pay postage

Raising funds for America's only prime time Catholic radio program hasn't been easy: Catholic newspapers ignore us. But the hosts of "Where Catholics Meet," Dr. William Marra and Fr. Vincent Miceli, have done their part to spread the Faith to all parts of the nation. Can we enlist your help? Although we won't make a profit on this special sale of books, we can put you on our bookbuyer list for further mailings. And maybe you'll consider checking the box in the coupon below and sending Drama of Truth an extra donation — to help us spread the Faith. Thank you.

Best price anywhere on books by Fr. Vincent Miceli, James Hitchcock, others

The Devastated Vineyard, by Dietrich von Hildebrand. Exposes the roots of the Church's decline in language the average reader can follow. Retail: $12.50/ Your price: $6.25.

The Antichrist, by Fr. Vincent Miceli. Answers to all the questions you have about the end times and the man of evil. Retail: $11.95/ Your price: $5.97.

The Gods of Atheism, by Fr. Miceli. What do modernist Christians and atheists have in common? Plenty, explains the author. Foreword by John Cardinal Wright. "As complete book on atheism as exists in any language," said Archbishop Fulton Sheen. Retail: $12.95/ Your price: $6.47.

Years of Crisis, by James Hitchcock. Collected essays by a premier social critic. Anyone serious about following the Church in America must read Hitchcock. Retail: $19.95/ Your price: $9.97. Hardcover, 285 pages.

Jesus Christ before He Became a Superstar, by James K. Fitzpatrick. Back to the words of Christ to answer the updaters who seek to disfigure Him (and the Church). Retail: $11.95/ Your price: $5.97.

The Third Day, by Arnold Lunn. "Christian apologists are too apologetic," complains the great British convert. He shows us how to go on the offensive. Retail: $11.95/ Your price: $5.97.

Not Alone, by Mary Lewis Coakley. Living a widowed life the way a Christian should. Retail: $9.95/ Your price: $4.97 — *autographed* by the best-selling biographer of Lawrence Welk.

Pilgrimage of Peace — the Vatican-authorized account (in 63 full-color photos and 74 papal speeches) of John Paul II's journey to Ireland and the U.S. Retail: $17.50/ Your price: $8.75. Over-sized hardcover.

Lapsed Catholic returns

"Dear Fr. Miceli, I am writing in response to your newsletter. I have enclosed a money order to help with your most valuable work. I have listened to many "Where Catholics Meet" programs. I was a fallen Catholic for over ten years. I thank God daily now for the favor He has shown me through you and Dr. Marra. . . . Thank you for your effort for the betterment of the Church and for the many souls like me."

—L.K., Michigan

Make your check payable to

DRAMA OF TRUTH ★ Box 255 ★ Harrison, N.Y. 10528

___I enclose an extra donation to help keep "Where Catholics Meet" on the air. I will receive a newsletter regularly keeping me posted on your progress. My donation amount is $_____.

___Please send me the titles listed below *postage-free*. I enclose a check payable to Drama of Truth.

Title	Quantity	Price
	Tot:$	

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY_____STATE_____ZIP_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHRONICLES OF
CULTURE

Vol. 10, No. 1 January 1986

DEAD SELVES AND HIGHER THINGS

A Publication of
The Rockford Institute:
John A. Howard, President

Editor
Thomas Fleming

Associate Editor
Bryce Christensen

Copy Editor
Cynthia Calvert

Contributing Editors
Ronald Berman
Harold O.J. Brown
Odie Faulk
E. Christian Kopff
John Shelton Reed
Joseph Schwartz

Editorial Secretary
LeAnn Manning

Publisher
Richard A. Vaughan

Art Director and
Production Manager
Barbara De Witz

Composition Manager
Anita Fedora

Circulation Director
Theresa Domanski

On the Cover

Cover illustration by Emilia Fitz. Illustrations on pages 8-22 by Zbigniew Fitz.

CHRONICLES OF CULTURE (ISSN 0163-1187) is published monthly for $18 per year by The Rockford Institute, 934 North Main Street, Rockford, IL 61103-7061. Application to mail at second-class postage rates is pending at Rockford, IL and additional mailing offices. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to *CHRONICLES OF CULTURE*, P.O. Box 800, Rockford, IL 61105.

Editorial and Advertising Offices: 934 North Main Street, Rockford, IL 61103. Editorial phone: (815) 964-5054. Advertising phone: (815) 964-5811.

Copyright © 1986 by The Rockford Institute. All rights reserved.

CONTENTS

PERSPECTIVE

Shelter From the Storm 6

Leaders of the sanctuary movement testify to the holiness of illegal activities, but Federal officials and average Americans may wonder about their halos.

by Thomas Fleming

OPINIONS

A Voice From Down South 8

—M.E. Bradford: *Remembering Who We Are: Observations of a Southern Conservative*

Politically blacklisted for his criticisms of Lincoln, M.E. Bradford continues to uphold the creed of the Old South.

by Russell Kirk

The Atonement of Poetry 10

—Geoffrey Hill: *The Mystery of the Charity of Charles Péguy*
—Geoffrey Hill: *The Lords of Limit: Essays on Literature and Ideas*

In an age of free verse and cultural relativism, Geoffrey Hill bears witness to the spiritual power of serious art.

by Thomas P. McDonnell

The Flawed Tragedian 11

—George Steiner: *Antigones*
—George Steiner: *A Reader*

Medieval monks interpreted every classical work of art as an illustration of scriptural truth, while modern scholars gloss Sophocles and Aeschylus with Hegel and Marx.

by Paul Gottfried

Babbitt and More in the Eighties 13

—Thomas R. Nevin: *Irving Babbitt: An Intellectual Study*

Caricatured as horrid old men in the 1930's, the New Humanists championed a moral and principled approach to literature that is finally making a comeback.

by Stephen L. Tanner

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VIEWS

The Promise of Life 16

Americans fleeing death, risk, and conflict are only racing each other into paralysis, illusion, and slavery.

by Momcilo Selic

War, Peace, and the Church's Teaching 22

Now that the Catholic bishops have thrown their mitres into the ring of the nuclear debate, they'll have to get their headgear from the Mad Hatter.

by Thomas Molnar

THE INGERSOLL PRIZES 1985

On November 22, the proverbial good time was had by all, including the recipients Eugène Ionesco and Robert Nisbet. 26

VITAL SIGNS

ART

The Grandeur of the Getty by Shehbaz Safrani 39

STAGE

Out of Balance: *Measure for Measure* reviewed by Gary S. Vasilash 41

CORRESPONDENCE

Letter From Minnesota by Allan C. Carlson 42

Letter From the Southwest by Odie Faulk 44

Letter From the Lower Right by John Shelton Reed 45

Letter From the Heartland by Jane Greer 46

POLEMICS AND EXCHANGES

On "Marxism & Motorcycle Maintenance" by Irving Louis Horowitz 48
Professor Ashton Replies
On "Animals and 'Other Awkward Cases' " by Jon Wynne-Tyson

CULTURAL REVOLUTIONS

In the lottery of contemporary culture, some things—morality in statehouses, conservatives at Stanford, intelligence at the Nobel and antihomosexual slurs in rock lyrics—have become very long odds. 49

BOOKSHELVES

COMMENDABLES

Zeus, Whoever He Is: *Greek Religion* 28

Faith and Freud in the Bayou: Michael Jordan on *North Gladiola*

Defending the High Frontier: Herbert London on *How to Make Nuclear Weapons Obsolete* 29

IN FOCUS

A Saint Seduced: E. Christian Kopff on *Martin Niëmoller* 30

A Hero for Our Times?: Carl C. Curtis on *Mountbatten: A Biography*

Money and Mammon: Herbert Schlossberg on *Money and Power* 32

Crumpets and Crotchets: Dennis R. Perry on *Affairs at Thrush Green* 33

The Truest Polyartist: Richard Kostelanetz on *Moholy-Nagy* 34

Red-White-and-Blue *Yiddishkeit*: Scott Edwin Ewing on *Voices of Jacob, Hands of Esau: Jews in American Life and Thought* 35

Worldly Wise & Heavenly Foolish: Robert C. Steensma on *Wonderful Fool*; *Bluebeard: A Tale*; and *King Solomon* 36

DEPARTMENTS

REVISIONS

The Mystery of the Trinity: *The Common Life: The Origins of Trinitarian Mysticism and Its Developments* 12

Last Rights: *The Generation That Knew Not Josef* 20

LIBERAL ARTS

Humble Pie à la Mode 28

Out of the Closet and Into the Woods 36

Theology, Barabbas Style 44

Finishing School 51

BOOKS IN BRIEF

9, 37, 48

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SHELTER FROM THE STORM *by Thomas Fleming*

The trial of 12 sanctuary workers in Tucson has heated up an issue which is being hailed in many quarters as the great moral issue of the 1980's. The movement, whose members provide protection to illegal immigrants from Central America, is protesting the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service's refusal to recognize Salvadoran and Guatemalan emigrants as political refugees. Taking matters into their own hands, more than 150 churches have offered "sanctuary" and have provided active assistance to Central Americans who wish to enter the U.S. without benefit of papers. If we can believe what we read in the papers, the movement is, even for nonbelievers, an opportunity to prove strength of their humanitarian convictions; for Christians and Jews, it is a test of faith.

For those who make a career out of moral outrage, the issue could not have come at a better time: it is a God-send. The radical Catholic bishops of the archdiocese of Milwaukee sent a letter of "personal endorsement" to the local sanctuary coordinating committee, and Jesse Jackson has pledged the support of Operation PUSH. It is the gray-haired veterans of the 60's street-fighting that are the most delighted. William Sloane Coffin has recovered much of his old exuberance as he tells his Riverside Church congregation that, "It is not enough to resist with confession, we must confess with resistance." The language of obligation comes easily to Coffin, who speaks with such assurance of the Lord's will, we have to assume he has been taken into His confidence. He appears eager for the graceful martyrdom of a weekend in jail: You can arrest the church leaders, he proclaims, but persecution "will only strengthen the sanctuary movement, whose Head is just beyond the reach of the INS."

While Coffin and the rest are sometimes incautious enough to speak of their own domestic political agenda —"We can no longer separate foreign policies from domestic policies"—the movement's strength is based not on its political commitments, but on its straightforward moral appeal. Christians have an obligation to help the poor and unfortunate. Doesn't that obligation take precedence over the decrees and regulations of a national government?

Before we can answer the question, we must remember that there is no right of sanctuary in the modern world. Even if there were, it could not be used to protect illegal aliens. Experts on international law sometimes try to make a case for a *right* of political asylum, but even if such a notion were accepted, the obligation would be imposed on governments. It is absurd to pretend that private citizens—even in groups—have the right to grant asylum.

Proponents of "sanctuary"—despite the dishonesty of the term—are aware of the problem. To justify their conduct, they fall back on religion. Jim Corbett, one of the founders of the sanctuary movement, insists that he and his friends are "following the traditional Judeo-Christian injunction to minister to those in need." This injunction seems to involve more than the obligations of conscience; Corbett sees his actions as "the work of the faith community." As he told the *Christian Science Monitor* (7 February 1985), "You can't do it as an individual." The bishops of three Lutheran synods (not Missouri or Wisconsin) have declared that the sanctuary churches are fulfilling obligations derived from scripture. These are, therefore, the corporate acts of congregations rather than merely individual decisions. When an individual breaks the law, he is either a criminal or a civil disobedient or both. When a church body is involved—a congregation or a national organization—it is presumably a more serious business. But in American constitutional law, churches have rather few rights.

The First Amendment expressly forbids the establishment of religion, by which is meant either a strictly national church, like the Church of England, or an international church with legally recognized rights and privileges, like the Catholic Church in France under the *ancien regime*. No church in the U.S. enjoys special constitutional privileges, apart from the right of individuals to establish an organization or worship as they please—so long as their activities do not conflict with laws. (Druids are, for example, not allowed to practice human sacrifice.) Where it has seemed appropriate, we have seen fit to confer special privileges on religious groups. Clerics, for example, are exempt from military service, although that was not always the case. In the War Between the States, the Episcopal Church petitioned Congress to exempt their priests from the draft. Their petition was denied.

For most of the participants in the sanctuary movement, the defiance of U.S. law is an act of civil disobedience. In the eyes of Eric Jorstad, an American Lutheran Church pastor, it is "an act of resistance against what its supporters believe to be the unjust foreign policy of the United States towards Central America." Civil disobedience is a murky term, which can be made to cover everything from a conscientious refusal to salute the flag or take an oath, all the way to acts of organized terrorism.

Religion enters the picture when churches forbid or discourage some practice which the state requires. Good Quakers, for example, were not supposed to swear an oath or bear arms. Throughout most of this century, there existed a rough-and-ready consensus on religious exceptions from civil obligations, but by the 1960's that consensus was gone, and the Selective Service was flooded with appeals

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from conscientious objectors whose church affiliation was either bizarre or nonexistent. It became fairly obvious that religion could not be the test. Perhaps it never should have been, except in a very restricted sense. Reinhold Niebuhr, once a leading pacifist, was right to censure the inconsistency of religious pacifists who enjoyed all the fruits of civil order but insisted on their right to let others bear the burden. Groups that left the world—Shakers or Trappist monks—were one thing, but worldly and prosperous Quakers were quite another.

Those who actively assist illegal immigration are engaged in more than a conscientious refusal to comply with INS regulations. They are actively involved in what they see as a campaign of civil disobedience against our treatment of Central American refugees. The civil rights and antiwar protests of the 1960's are an obvious historical parallel. Civil disobedients, in the strict sense, do not simply disagree with government policies; nor do they, on the other hand, seek to subvert the system. While agreeing with the essential fairness of the system of justice under which they live, they object to specific lapses in the application of justice. They appeal not just to their own conscience but to the conscience of the nation.

Most civil rights workers acknowledged the rightness of the American principle of equal rights. What they protested was the fact that Blacks did not seem to enjoy the same legal protection as the rest of society. Many members of sanctuary congregations believe they are doing the same sort of thing. American immigration policies do, in fact, recognize the special status of political refugees. All they want, they claim, is to arouse public consciousness to the point that the government will show the same compassion to the Salvadorans as it does to the Nicaraguans. As William Sloane Coffin puts it, "We must continue the sanctuary movement in its present form until Congress makes it unnecessary to do so."

Although civil disobedients like to lump their activities together with the more traditional forms of conscientious objectors, their cases are different. Since they object to the application of laws and regulations, they must, as Ronald Dworkin insists, "exhaust the normal political process . . . until these normal political means hold out no hope of success." It is not at all clear that the friends of the Salvadorans have exhausted the ordinary and routine steps of the legal and political process. They have not even succeeded in putting debate on open immigration for Central Americans high on the political agenda. It was not a major issue of the 1984 campaign, nor is it likely to be a hot item in the '86 congressional races. But instead of lobbying and petitioning, they seem ready to break the law at the drop of a hat. Unfortunately, the left has been battered in recent elections. The American people, given a chance to vote on their agenda, have rejected it decisively in 1980 and 1984. Like the spoiled children of the 60's they once were, they refuse to abide by decisions arrived at by democratic process. Many of them, if given half a chance, would eliminate that process and substitute for "government *of* the people" a government *in the name* of the people—the dictatorship of the proletariat. It is not simply this or that policy they disagree with, but the American form of constitutional government.

Most of the clerics express their rebellion in the familiar terms of liberation theology, an enterprise in which the emphasis is definitely on *liberation* and not theology. Stripped of its passionate appeal to the gospels, liberation theology calls for a violent overthrow of existing social institutions as the prelude to a reign of social justice, a formulation with which few Marxists would argue. Sister Darlene Nicgorski, one of the Tucson 12, has all the right credentials: she campaigns against "the dinosaur" Reagan, visits Nicaragua, and rants against U.S. "incursions" into Central America. William Sloane Coffin is, if anything, more open. In his speech at the "Inter-American Symposium on Sanctuary" in Tucson last January, Mr. Coffin proclaimed that "a successful revolution in Central America would not only bring economic and social change there but would also cast a few hopeful rays in our direction." If Coffin means to imply that the "refugees" will bring the revolution home to the U.S. (a suggestion made by more than a few members of the movement), then his activities amount to more than a defiance of U.S. immigration policy, more than a protest against our foreign policy: if taken seriously, this active assistance to illegal immigration would have to be seen as part of a general program of subversion against the legal government of the United States.

By any ethical or legal standards, the sanctuary movement is on very shaky ground, but it is not surprising if most people are confused by questions of civil disobedience. Even after dismissing all the possible justifications for the movement, a nagging suspicion remains. Christian charity, even if it is understood only in the attenuated Sunday school sense, obliges us to help the poor and unfortunate. How can we refuse to assist the Salvadoran refugees on political or prudential grounds alone?

It is a difficult question. Genuine charity is so rare a gift that we should avoid any attempt to limit it. On the other hand, most men and women have what James Fishkin calls primary moral obligations to family, friends, and community. These responsibilities take precedence over our merely *universal* obligation. Man is, as we must never forget, a social animal, whose sociability is rooted in his experience of family life.

Older ethical systems took account of man's social nature. Charity, so the proverb used to run, begins at home. Aristotle wondered if a man could be accounted happy if his friends and family suffered affliction. The Aristotelian view of an ethics based on family and community is not simply a fine old idea to read about in books: it is descriptive of the way people actually live.

The older approach to the ethical dilemma presented by Central American poverty would begin by recognizing more than our "primary obligations" to our own families. Most people, in fact, see their ethical obligations as a series of rings radiating outward from the center, family and close friends, to the local community and the church, and to the nation. By the time it reaches "all mankind," it is a weakly felt obligation, like the magnetic force of the north pole, which is powerful enough to attract a compass needle almost anywhere on earth but too weak to move a carpet tack a quarter inch.

(continued on page 21)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Voice From Down South *by Russell Kirk*

"Had he been even a Yankee, this genius would have been rendered immediately manifest to his countrymen."

—Edgar Allan Poe

M.E. Bradford: *Remembering Who We Are: Observations of a Southern Conservative*; University of Georgia Press; Athens, GA; $15.95.

"All a rhetorician's rules," we learn from *Hudibras*, "teach him but to name his tools." Professor Bradford, who knows much about the art of rhetoric, is a massive exception to this observation. This is a collection of his speeches; but these public utterances, unlike most such, are polished essays, as well read as listened to.

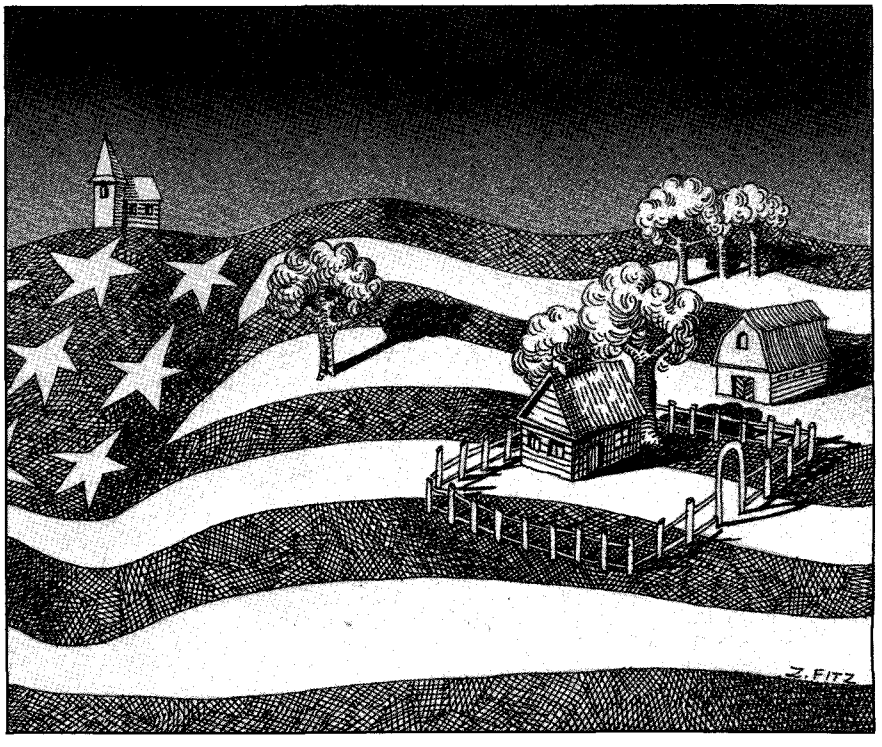
Several themes run through the five parts of this book. The reader encounters more than once remarks on the conservative character of the Federal Constitution; on Christian influences in the American Republic; on the evils of Puritanism; on Agrarianism; on state support of letters and arts; on political myth, beneficent or malign. Endowed with fortitude and good humor, Mel Bradford is a formidable champion of order, custom, constitution, convention, prescription.

Accomplished in the disciplines of humane letters, history, and politics, Dr. Bradford is a worthy successor to Donald Davidson as unreconstructed (but wise) Southerner. Also, like Davidson's, his reputation is national; and at present he presides over the Philadelphia Society, a national discussion-club of conservatively inclined folk.

His lectures or essays on "Culture and Anarchy: Federal Support for the Arts and Humanities" and "Subsidizing the Muses," full of sound sense, remind us of how able Professor Bradford would have been as chairman of the National Endowment for the Humanities. Indeed President Reagan strongly inclined toward appointing him to that post; but a wave of vituperation from the sort of people called by Sidney Hook "ritualistic liberals" dissuaded Mr. Reagan's inner circle from seeking senatorial confirmation. Not the least of Mr. Bradford's alleged disqualifications was his misfortune of being a Southerner.

The chief and immediate pretext for opposing the appointment of Bradford to that Ministry of Culture, however, is the last essay in this volume: "The Lincoln Legacy: A Long View" (originally published in the quarterly *Modern Age*, after being delivered as an address to The Philadelphia Society). America's Civil Religionists having canonized Abraham Lincoln, let the writer be anathema who in the least impugns the perfect sanctity of the Railsplitter! Once, in the course of a Lincoln's Day address in Los Angeles, this reviewer mentioned that when attending Federal court at Cincinnati, Lincoln was smiled at for his rusticity by more fashionable lawyers. A Lincoln zealot immediately cried out, "Lincoln was a marvellous lawyer! The whole bench and bar respected him!" Facts must not be permitted to mar the myth.

Fanaticism of this sort, heavy as the Tower of Siloam, fell upon the head of M.E. Bradford as vengeance for his unkindliness toward Lincoln. Indeed I think he was hard upon President Lincoln, after the fashion of Donald Davidson; but also he said about Lin-



Russell Kirk is the leading Northern Agrarian in the United States.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

coln much that requires saying. Our differences are taken up by Bradford in a chapter of his earlier book *A Better Guide Than Reason*—he criticizing my section on Lincoln in *The Roots of American Order*.

Mr. Bradford allots 10 pages of *Remembering Who We Are* to an essay on Richard Weaver, Agrarian. One thing he does not mention about Weaver is the interesting fact that Weaver was an enthusiastic, wholehearted admirer of Lincoln. He approved of Lincoln far more thoroughly than does this reviewer. For Weaver, so earnest a Southerner, was a Mountain Whig from East Tennessee, a sept hereditarily attached to Union and Lincoln. Weaver argued that Lincoln was a better mentor for conservatives than is Burke: for (in Weaver's judgment) Lincoln argued from definition, Burke merely from circumstance.

Now Bradford, contrariwise, instructs us that we ought to act according to circumstances, not on the ideological ground of abstract principle. Repeatedly, in this slim volume, he makes that point convincingly. Bradford is an advocate of the politics of prudence, not the politics of definition; he praises Burke for this; he detests the political metaphysicians of three centuries.

Then what of Bradford on Weaver? Why, in a footnote Bradford advises us not to "infer overmuch from his [Weaver's] choice of illustrative materials" in his *Ethics of Rhetoric*; that book is "a piece of strategy," Bradford argues; somehow Weaver's praise of Lincoln and rejection of Burke must be part of that "disarming" strategy. Indeed! Either Bradford is disingenuous here, or else he is very ready to delude himself, out of affection for Weaver.

Nor is this the only aspect of Weaver to which Bradford shuts his eyes. For Bradford makes abundantly clear his detestation of the doctrine of "natural rights," with its ruinous political consequences. But Weaver more than once endorsed natural-rights notions, in particular an alleged "absolute right to private property"—which, as this reviewer has pointed out elsewhere, is a "right" that never has existed anywhere, in an absolute form, nor can exist in society or out of it.

I am suggesting that Richard Weaver, for all his bulldog resolution and his frequent high insights, was not invariably a better guide than reason. Also I am suggesting that Bradford's affection for fellow-Agrarians and fellow-Southerners and fellow-conservatives can diminish the acuity of his critical faculties on occasion. If it will not do to erect a graven image in the likeness of Lincoln, neither will it do to erect a graven image in the likeness of Richard Weaver. It is quite true that, as Bradford suggests, Weaver "was something of a puzzle for his friends within the American 'conservative establishment.'" Being a Northern Agrarian, this reviewer did not find him puzzling in that fashion. But it would be puzzling indeed to try to reconcile Weaver's adulation of Lincoln with Bradford's detestation, and Weaver's advocacy of "definition" with Bradford's defense of "circumstance."

M.E. Bradford, despite his kindliness to those deserving of kindliness, is a good hater. "They will never love where they ought to love who do not hate where they ought to hate," Edmund Burke wrote. Hating centralizers, Utilitarians, Libertarians, nihilists, and levelling ideologues, Bradford makes enemies by the vigor of his rhetoric. But also he makes friends by his eloquence and his uprightness; and he lives with honor.

At the time of his candidacy for the chairmanship of NEH, Bradford's adversaries—many of whom never had beheld him—endeavored to represent him as some manner of extremist. Actually he is a centrist, politically, in terms of the conservative political climate of opinion that prevails in America today. "People seem to think it a compliment to accuse one of being an outsider, and to talk about the eccentricities of genius," one of G.K. Chesterton's characters exclaims. "What would they think if I said I only wish to God I had the centricities of genius?"

Thanks be to God, M.E. Bradford is endowed with some degree of the centricities of genius. He thinks within our patrimony of order and justice and freedom. With these postulates, at present he is at work on a study, pious in the old Roman sense of that abused word, of the religious convictions of the framers of the Constitution of the United States. His strong essay in this volume, "And God Defend the Right: The American Revolution and the Limits of Christian Obedience," is part of this endeavor. It contains memorable passages, particularly this: "Contrary to the opinions of many of my closest allies, the American regime at the national level was not created to promote virtue or religion but to allow for the promotion of virtue by society—in some cases with the assistance of state and local authorities."

Considerably acquainted with practical politics, humorous, patient, learned, and good-natured, M.E. Bradford is a man of thought who does not retreat from our present discontents. We need to pay attention to him as the bicentenary of the Constitution approaches. cc

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Oxford Book of Prayer; edited by George Appleton; Oxford University Press. Any prayer anthology that stretches from the Bible to Reinhold Niebuhr (and beyond) is bound to be welcome in these dark times. However, this very useful volume could have done without "prayers from other traditions" and without quite so many contributions from the editor—36 to Augustine's 9!

We Believe: A Commentary on the Catechism of Christian Doctrine by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. A.N. Gilbey with a foreword by Auberon Waugh; Progress Press, Malta; available from P.O. Box 4127 "WE BELIEVE," Heritage Drive, Portsmouth, NH 03801; $23 hard cover, $14 soft. A lucid and sometimes moving introduction to the essentials of the Catholic faith and another splendid document of English Catholicism.

Holy Disobedience: When Christians Must Resist the State by Lynn Buzzard and Paula Campbell; Servant; Ann Arbor. A well-intentioned examination of religiously based civil disobedience, but the authors have bitten off more than they can chew: of the vast serious commentary on the problem, which includes Rawls, Dworkin, Walzer among contemporary philosophers, there is only a misleading reference to Rawls. The authors claim to be offering practical guidelines: we hope they are insured against malpractice suits from holy disobedients who find themselves in jail.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Atonement of Poetry *by Thomas P. McDonnell*

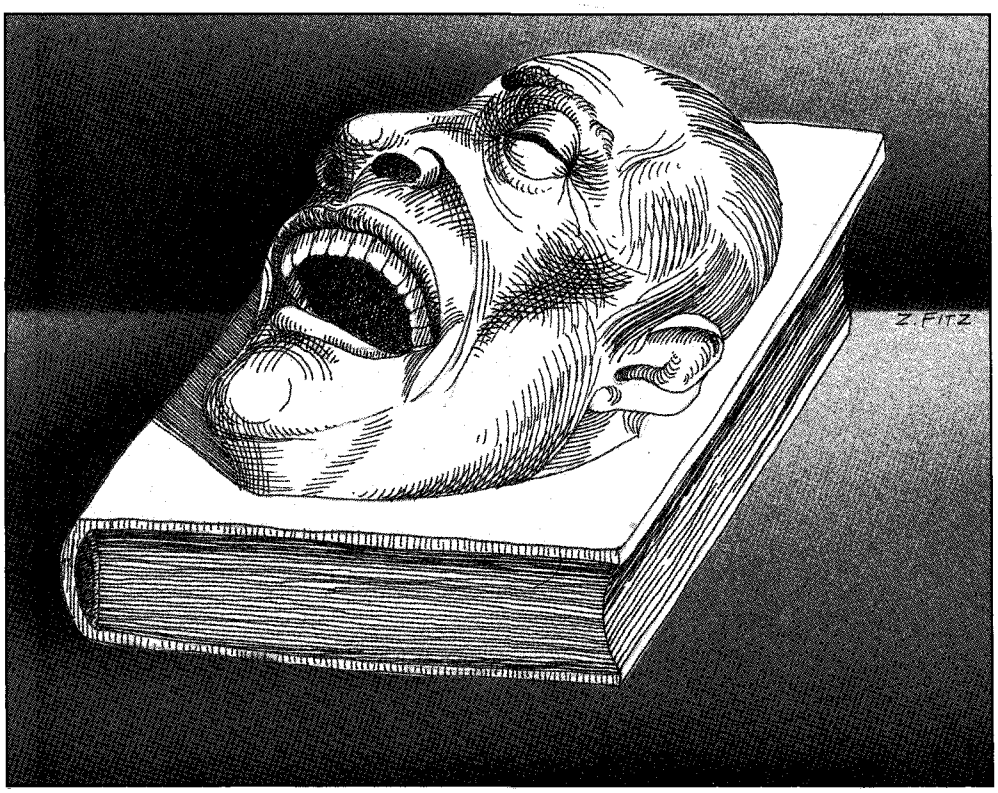
"Aye, those fair living forms swam heavenly/ To tunes forgotten. . . . "

—John Keats

Geoffrey Hill: *The Mystery of the Charity of Charles Péguy*; Oxford University Press; New York.

Geoffrey Hill: *The Lords of Limit: Essays on Literature and Ideas*; Oxford University Press; New York.

One of life's great joys is to come across a new work of literature that is likely to last far beyond any early assessment of its value. In the case of poetry, which chiefly concerns us here, it is to have known at first reading that, say, T.S. Eliot's "The Waste Land" was at once a masterpiece of the age or that Robert Frost's "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening," a lyric of only four stanzas, would become a classic on both sides of the Atlantic.



Thomas McDonnell is a free-lance writer living near Boston.

Many readers will receive a similar shock of recognition when they read Geoffrey Hill's long poem of 100 quatrains, *The Mystery of the Charity of Charles Péguy* (the title is a reference to Péguy's great work *Le Mystère de la Charité de Jeanne d'Arc*).

It is almost too early for any serious appraisal to have appeared of Geoffrey Hill, whose work includes four volumes of poetry and a just-published volume of critical essays. Hill was born in Bromsgrove, Worcestershire, 1932, and currently lectures in English literature at the University of Cambridge. He is known in this country, of course, but not widely enough or with anything like the recognition he deserves.

One of the few American critics to discuss Hill is Harold Bloom. Bloom's esoteric and highly idiosyncratic approach to poetry may say more about Bloom than Hill. For instance, Bloom selects for study the two extremely convoluted sonnets called "Annunciations" and practically derives from them the inference that Hill is the modern laureate of Gnosticism, and so on.

Whatever Hill's religious convictions may be, he writes within a Catholic tradition which includes estrangement. In any case, though Hill seems neither comfortable nor pious in the ancient faith, he is nevertheless immersed in the knowledge of its sacraments and liturgy. As far as prosody is concerned, no one since Hopkins has packed the English line with such compression and energy of language. In cogency is liberation. It is in this sense, I think, that Hill revivifies the language at a time when its devaluation is everywhere apparent.

In his earliest and still very powerful work (some few items of which he curiously disavows), Hill seems to have favored the quatrain in four-stress lines as his chief unit of expression. He has also written some of the finest—and, to say it outright, beautiful—sonnets of our time. Hill then temporarily departed from strict form, which, in the essays he calls the use of "atonement" in artmaking, to compose the great "Mercian Hymns." Prosaic in form but charged with poetry in language and imagery, these autobiographical segments run parallel to a recreation of British prehistory and may remind us of the work of David Jones in *The Anathemata* (1952). But the sequence by Hill is probably the masterpiece that Harold Bloom claims it to be.

As Bloom predicted, Geoffrey Hill has returned to the "tighter mode" of the earlier poetry and especially as now exemplified in *The Mystery of the Charity of Charles Péguy*. The 100 quatrains are in five-stress lines and obliquely rhymed in the main. The critical function at this time can only be to point at the complete poem itself and thus resist the temptation to quote it at length. Péguy, of course, was the French Catholic intellectual of peasant stock who was killed "on the first day of the first Battle of the Marne in September 1914." Hill perceives him as a modern hero in the complex tragedy which would become known

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

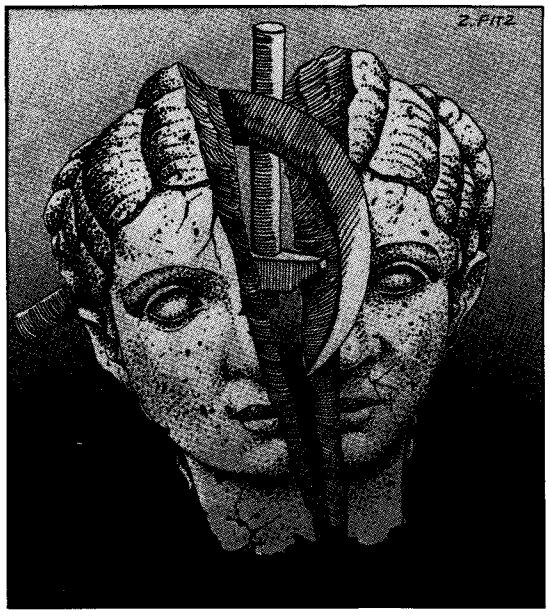
as the Dreyfus Affair, and the poem in general is Hill's homage to the triumph of Péguy's life of defeat, as he calls it, and which recognizes him as one of the great souls and prophetic intelligences of our century.

A critic writing in the British periodical *Encounter* has rated Hill's collection of literary essays, *The Lords of Limit*, as the most important first book of criticism by a major English poet since T.S. Eliot's *The Sacred Wood* (1920). Like his poetry, Hill's essays are packed with originally turned ideas and considerable learning. This learning is so wide-ranging, in fact, that some 30 pages of reference notes are required at the back of the book. There are marvelous essays that deal with Robert Southwell, Jonathan Swift, Ben Jonson, Shakespeare, Gerard Manley Hopkins, and John Crowe Ransom. The essays would be worth reading if only because they provide insights into that intricate life of the poet's mind. In any event, readers in the English poetic tradition had better realize at once that in Geoffrey Hill we have a significant poet on our hands, one whose works have already distinguished him from a host of more fashionable but lesser talents. ∞

The Flawed Tragedian *by Paul Gottfried*

"He has learned speech and windy thought and the political temperament."

—Sophocles' *Antigone*



George Steiner: *Antigones*; Oxford University Press; New York; $29.95.

George Steiner: *A Reader*; Oxford University Press; New York; $25.00.

Among literary intellectuals, George Steiner holds a place of unmistakable influence. His essays on philosophy and literature can be found in the *New York Review of Books*, *London Times Literary Supplement*, and in other publications associated with making it in the world of letters. Since the 1950's he has published nearly a dozen books, most of which interpret Continental European thought for the benefit of Anglo-American readers. Some of Steiner's books, most notably his discussion of Martin Heidegger, combine insight with considerable learning. His book on Heidegger not only uncovers the brilliant ideas behind the horrors of Heideggerian syntax, but also takes seriously the antimodernist aspects of Heidegger's social criticism. Steiner neither denies nor exaggerates Heidegger's short-term fascination with the Nazi movement. He sets it into perspective by showing that it was Heidegger's old-fashioned communitarian ideals that allowed him to sympathize with at least some early National Socialist programs. Steiner notes how quickly Heidegger changed his mind about Nazism once Hitler had come to power.

Despite his talent as a literary analyst, Steiner does have tics which, I believe, are damaging to his scholarship. I stress the qualifier "I believe," since what irritates *me* most about his writing may also explain his popularity among proper highbrows. Steiner writes like a perpetual *émigré*, in convoluted prose that often seems deliberately murky. His essays include "The Distribution of Discourse," "Future Literacies," and "Privacies of Speech." Though Steiner warns repeatedly against the dangers of social-cultural conformity, he himself conjures with the appropriate academic shibboleths. He is overly fond of "deconstruction" and "angst" and feels obliged to dwell on Marxist interpretations of literary texts, however little they may contribute to our understanding of a work. His recent study of thinkers who have interpreted Sophocles' *Antigone* gives far too much attention to Marx on Greek tragedy. Marx may have influenced the practice of social revolution, but beyond noting his almost willful misreading of Aeschylus' *Prometheus Bound* (which owed more to Shelley's poetry than Asechylus' play), it is hard to justify any space being given to Marx as an interpreter of Greek tragedy.

Steiner professes concern about trendy issues (e.g., the need for nuclear disarmament) or about issues that used to be trendy (e.g., anti-Semitism). He advertises what some readers may find endearing quirks. He has stated during interviews that because he and his family were Jewish refugees from Nazism, he now feels compelled to carry multiple passports. Only in this way can he protect himself against the possible eruption of Nazi-type violence in the country where he presently resides, which happens to be England. Although my own family suffered a similar fate, I have never understood Steiner's bizarre behavior. Does he believe that pieces of paper will save him if the Western world suddenly (and improbably) turns Nazi? It is as if he has begun to believe the predictions published in at least some of the publications that celebrate George Steiner but condemn "fascist America."

I make these observations as a qualified admirer of Steiner's work. Indeed I continue to marvel at his erudition

Paul Gottfried is author of The Search for Historical Meaning: Hegel and the American Right *(Northern Illinois University Press).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and productivity. Almost 20 years ago, as a graduate student at Yale, I heard him give a lecture which has now become a special subtheme of *Antigones*, Hölderlin's creative adaptation of Sophocles' play. Steiner lectured with few notes and quoted his sources in the original languages. Curiously, my Marxist classmates who had gone to hear the lecture were as satisfied with Steiner as I was. They noted that he had filled his comments on literature with generous references to Marx and to Marxist intellectuals. Such a tendency, I have since learned, is characteristic of Steiner's commentaries. Though there is nothing intrinsically Marxist or Freudian about his interpretations of literature and though there are few writers today who are more sensitive than he to religious values and the strengths of the Western religious heritage, he pays lavish tribute to Marx, Freud, and Trotsky. All of them are seen as idealistic cosmopolites (Steiner refers to Trotsky as a "Luftmensch like myself") who tried to universalize the practice of justice.

Steiner is certainly not a consistent leftist: the essay "A Kind of Survivor," in which he predicates his Jewish faith upon the teachings of Marx and Freud, also warns American Jews (as early as 1965) that "among urban Negroes anti-Semitism is often open and raw." Steiner's affinity for Jewish "radical humanism" is related to a corresponding revulsion for the "poison" of Jewish nationalism. He views the Jewish concept of being a chosen people as a prime source of modern, particularly anti-Semitic, nationalist hysteria. His controversial novel, *The Portage to San Cristobel of A.H.*, which depicts the capture and, finally, self-defense of an aged but highly articulate Hitler, has the central figure scolding his captors as hypocrites. Why should Jews, who exterminated other tribes in taking possession of their land and who proclaim themselves God's chosen nation, object to Germans for imitating their example? Though much of the rhetoric that Steiner puts into Hitler's mouth is quintessentially Nietzschean but incongruous for a philosophically naive rabble-rouser like Hitler, there is no doubt that anti-Semites have been impressed by the intensity of Jewish ethnic cohesion. Edward Drumont, Alfred Rosenberg, and Karl Marx (as well as Hitler) commented on Jewish ethnocentricity with a mixture of admiration and loathing. Moreover, Hitler, as Steiner correctly suggests, attempted to mold the ethos of his purified Aryan race by reproducing the sense of nationhood that he found present among the Jewish "antirace."

Actually, Steiner exaggerates the uniqueness of Jewish ethnic claims. (Are the Armenians, Parsees, or Chinese any less ethnocentric than Jews?) He overreacts to the aggressive behavior of the ancient Hebrew tribes who displaced the Canaanites, Jebusites, and Amorites. The ancient Jews were no more brutal as conquerors than were other ancient Near Eastern peoples. Unlike their neighbors, however, once they had settled their land, they instituted humane treatment for slaves and foreigners, impartial justice for rich and poor alike, marital fidelity for both sexes, and an end to the practice of human sacrifice.

Steiner's distaste for modern nationalism is understandable. Unlike patriots and regionalists, nationalists are

REVISIONS

The Mystery of the Trinity

For several centuries, Christianity in the West has been fragmented. The disintegration is more than a matter of competing creeds or the invention of novel heresies. Within many "denominations"—what a chilling word!—there are found sacramentalists, evangelicals, and charismatics. Mysticism, in the few scattered places where it has taken refuge, has become an almost purely spiritual enterprise in which Christian theology plays little part. To many people, it comes as no surprise to discover that Thomas Merton turned increasingly to Buddhism: when mysticism is seen primarily as an escape from reality, any avenue will do.

The problem with Western mysticism is neglect of the Trinity, as Louis Dupré explains in *The Common Life: The Origins of Trinitarian Mysticism and Its Development* by Jan Ruusbroec (Crossroad; New York). The Greek Church never lost sight of the biblical order of salvation, in which "God is the one who has saved us in Christ through the Spirit." God is, therefore, the revealer and the revealed. However, in the West, we begin with the idea of unity and sometimes do not progress much beyond it. The Trinity is almost an incidental piece of theological baggage. "Even with respect to the Incarnation, Christians rarely realize the significance of the identity of the divine persons. It happens to be the Son who became flesh. But this theological distinctiveness plays no role in popular piety."

The Greek Fathers—Origen, Athanasius, Gregory of Nyssa—provide a secure foundation for Trinitarian mysticism. But, Dupré argues, Augustine also saw the soul as "an image of the divine Trinity . . . already united with the Trinity." But this "identity" was forgotten throughout much of the Middle Ages. There does exist a genuine Western tradition, and in these simply written and sometimes radiant lectures, delivered originally at Gethsemane Abbey, Dupré expounds the Trinitarian mysticism contained in *The Spiritual Marriage* of Jan Ruusbroec.

There is no way to condense Dupré's account—which is only 89 pages. Perhaps the most interesting aspect of Ruusbroec's mysticism is the dynamic rhythm of contemplation and activity, a dialectic "that follows the rhythm of the Trinity itself."

Mystical writings are always difficult because they are attempts to express the ineffable. Critical and interpretive works are usually no help: they either oversimplify and ensnare us into false confidence, or else they add one more level of complexity to our confusion. Louis Dupré, T.L. Riggs Professor in the Philosophy of Religion at Yale, has the rare combination of scholarship, humility, and piety to bring off a success. cc

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

often frenzied utopians, who seek not to preserve but to exploit resentment for revolutionary ends. The opposite of nationalism is not internationalism but, as John Lukacs reminds us, patriotism rooted in the sense of a living past. Unfortunately, Steiner's critical remarks about nationalism and its current alternatives are not well considered. Although he rails against ancient Hebraic nationalism, he supports modern Jewish nationalism as a counterweight to the anti-Semitism that he claims to see everywhere. But his indulgence of Jewish nationalists is an isolated case. For example, he complains about the American people, whose "standardized moralistic nationalism," we learn, may soon endanger its Jewish minority. It is unclear what Steiner is here criticizing about the American character. If he is attacking (as he seems to be) traditional Middle-American moral concerns, it is hard to see how these amount to nationalism, as Steiner uses the term. Americans have traditionally insisted on diligence, punctuality, and personal hygiene, while remaining, on the whole, ethnic and religious pluralists. Steiner empties the concept nationalism of all specificity by making it apply to anything that rubs him the wrong way—bourgeois morality, for example.

He finally attributes Soviet atrocities to residual Russian nationalism in order to absolve Marxism, or Communism, of all responsibility for Soviet crimes. He denounces Stalinism, which he equates with Russian nationalism, whenever he describes Communist reality. He extols Marx and Trotsky whenever he presents the "radical humanist"—i.e., elevated Jewish—ideal from which the Soviets have allegedly fallen. Never does it dawn on Steiner that Marx, who called for class war and raged against Jewish greed, may bear some responsibility for the nightmare which his worshipers have created. Or, that one of Steiner's other idols, Trotsky, helped set up Soviet concentration camps and called for the physical destruction of non-Communist political groups in Russia, even after Stalin had chased him into exile.

In the end, Steiner's mystique of the left cannot stand up to critical reason. Although a patient reader of texts, he has allowed quirks to distort his understanding of the world. Steiner may have profited professionally from his quirks, but they are tragic flaws in someone of his intellectual stature. cc

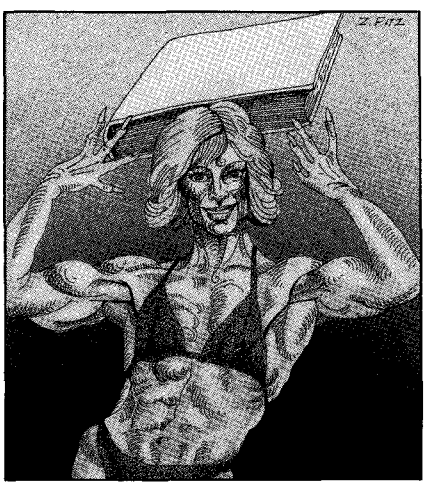
Babbitt and More in the Eighties *by Stephen L. Tanner*

"Every artist is a moralist, though he need not preach."

—George Santayana

Thomas R. Nevin: *Irving Babbitt: An Intellectual Study*; University of North Carolina Press; Chapel Hill, NC; $20.00.

Accepting the Nobel Prize for Literature on December 12, 1930, Sinclair Lewis used the occasion to attack academic traditionalists, who, he said, "like their literature clear and cold and pure and very dead." And among that group he singled out the New Humanists, charging that they taught "a doctrine of the blackest reaction introduced into a stirringly revolutionary world." Lewis' attack has little value as a critique of the New Humanism, for he obviously understood little about it. When he calls it "an astonishing circus," a "nebulous cult," and "this doctrine of death, this escape from the complexities and dangers of living into the secure blankness of the monastery," he is simply applying his stock satiric rhetoric to create a



caricature. His attack is significant, however, as an index of literary-intellectual opinion in 1930. That year marked the apex of the controversy generated by the New Humanism, a literary battle that cleaved deep, penetrating beyond surface layers of taste to moral and cultural nerve centers.

Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More, the principal architects of the New Humanism, had been publishing books since the turn of the century, laying an intellectual foundation for American conservatism by a wide-ranging moral approach to literary and cultural criticism. It was not until about 1928, however, that the New Humanism became highly visible as a kind of movement, the result of more than a decade of protesting liberal criticism synchronized to the bass drumbeat of H.L. Mencken. The New Humanists were alarmed by the erosion of traditional moral values and the deterioration of critical standards combined with an unprecedented hedonism and materialism in American life. The editors of *Bookman* and *Forum*, leading literary journals of the time, opened their pages to the Humanists. T.S. Eliot, as editor of *Criterion*, encouraged articles reflecting the movement's perspective, thus providing an audience in England.

The result was America's "battle of the books," a war of criticism capturing the attention of the American reading public in a way that seems remarkable from our viewpoint in the 80's. Fashionable literary criticism at present has become so specialized and technical, so divorced from the general reader's natural and inevitable interest in the relation of literature and life, that even many professors of literature

Stephen Tanner is professor of English at Brigham Young University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have only a hearsay acquaintance with the theoretical intricacies of structuralism and poststructuralism. In view of the increasingly abstruse and esoteric nature of literary theory, it seems incredible that in May of 1930, 3,000 people attended a Carnegie Hall debate on humanism by Babbitt, Henry Seidel Canby, and Carl Van Doren.

The battle peaked in 1930, when *Humanism and America: Essays on the Outlook of Modern Civilization*, edited by Norman Foerster, appeared. The subtitle itself suggests the wide implications the contributors saw in literary matters. This collection of essays, representing a sort of New Humanist manifesto, was vigorously answered by young liberals the same year in *The Critique of Humanism: A Symposium*, edited by Hartley Grattan. Also that year, Paul Elmer More came very close to receiving the Nobel Prize that went to Lewis.

As a movement, the New Humanism went into eclipse early in the 30's. The Depression directed literary attention to the left, and Babbitt and More, the most brilliant spokesmen, had really said what they had to say even before the 30's began and were dead by 1933 and 1937 respectively. But as Austin Warren emphatically insisted in 1958, "It is a 'VULGAR ERROR' that, with the deaths of Babbitt and his ally, P.E. More, in the 1930's, the 'New Humanism' movement became extinct. An error." It "went underground." Although Lionel Trilling was accurate in noting in 1970 that "at the present time the idea that literature is to be judged by its moral effects has virtually no place in critical theory," this is not to say that the moral approach is dead in practice. Individual professors on campuses across the country have continued, despite vogues in critical theory, to teach their students to respond to literature as a criticism of life, to examine its moral implications and judge its expression of human values. And wherever there has been a commitment to the inextricable relationship between art and life, ethics and aesthetics, Babbitt and More have been appreciated as persuasive expounders and defenders of the great tradition of moral criticism.

In the forthcoming issue of *Chronicles of Culture*:

Total Concentration

"If I have shown men to be ridiculous, ludicrous, it was in no way out of any desire for comic effect, but rather, difficult as this is during these times of universal spiritual decay, to proclaim the truth."

—from "Realism and the Spirit"
by Eugène Ionesco

ALSO

Thomas Molnar contrasts Goethe's sincerity with modern literature

Lee Congdon looks at resistance in the Third Reich

Ewa Thompson reports on her pleasure jaunt to Mongolia

Brian Murray looks at novels by Martin Amis and Anita Brookner

In our century, people advocating restraint, discipline, decorum, and adherence to standards risk being misunderstood. Their principles are readily distorted and caricatured as puritanical, elitist, reactionary, or repressive. "Every doctrine of genuine worth is disciplinary," noted Babbitt, "and men in the mass do not desire discipline." Both Babbitt and More labored under a sense of going against the grain of the literary and social values of their day. More considered himself the least read and most despised man within his sphere of activity. Babbitt was haunted by a feeling of isolation, that frustrating sense perhaps common to men of discernment and principle who are deeply convinced of truths the world about them ignores or rejects.

Naturally the New Humanists were caricatured. They were discredited by what Seward Collins in 1932 called the "Myth of the Nasty, Mean, Horrid Old Man," which asserted that the Humanists were "hard-hearted old men determined to maintain their authority against aspiring youth . . . fixed in ancient ways and petulantly annoyed with novelty . . . arrogantly trying to elevate their own narrow preoccupations into universal edicts." In an almost Pythagorean set of alternatives—critical/creative, repressive/liberating, old/new, cold/warm, narrow/broad, dogma/choice, and reaction/progress—the Humanists were always placed on what was considered the negative side.

Myths can be persistent. This one, nurtured by Sinclair Lewis' Nobel Prize speech, has stigmatized Babbitt and More for over 50 years. As a doctoral candidate in the late 60's, I asked a distinguished specialist in criticism to direct my dissertation on More. "I wouldn't touch that stuffed shirt with a ten-foot pole," was his reply. Later I learned that he actually had no firsthand acquaintance with More's work.

But despite the myth, Babbitt and More continue to find an audience of appreciative readers, and a trickling of books and articles about them has continued since the 30's. Several selected collections of their writings have appeared: *Paul Elmer More's Shelburne Essays on American Literature*, edited by Daniel Aaron in 1963; *The Essential Paul Elmer More: A Selec-*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion of His Writings, edited by Byron C. Lambert in 1972; and *Irving Babbitt: Representative Writings*, edited by George A. Panichas in 1981. Russell Kirk, who has done a great deal to promote interest in Babbitt and More, of course includes them in *The Portable Conservative Reader* (1982).

More has received more book-length attention than Babbitt. Arthur Hazard Dakin's excellent biography *Paul Elmer More* (1960) was the product of many years of research and volumes of correspondence with those acquainted with More. Robert M. Davies' *The Humanism of Paul Elmer More* (1958) focuses on More's philosophical and religious writing. Francis X. Duggan's *Paul Elmer More* (1966) is a brief but informative critical biography in the Twayne United States Authors Series. (My own study of the literary criticism, *Paul Elmer More: Literary Criticism as the History of Ideas*, is in press.) The New Humanism as a movement usually receives a chapter in the histories of American literary criticism, but finally received the more extensive consideration it deserves in J. David Hoeveler Jr.'s *The New Humanism: A Critique of Modern American, 1900-1940* (1977).

Recently, a renewed interest in Babbitt is manifesting itself. In November 1983 a conference commemorating the 50th anniversary of his death was held at The Catholic University of America in Washington, DC. The papers presented are scheduled to appear as a book. Meanwhile, three of them recently appeared in *Modern Age*.

Thomas R. Nevin's *Irving Babbitt: An Intellectual Study*, is the first book-length study of this major but neglected figure. Brief but authoritative, and using hitherto unpublished material, this book displays thorough research and perceptive analysis. Nevin calls his study "a history of Babbitt's mind," and in addition to tracing the development of Babbitt's thought, he provides extensive comparisons with More's thought.

Such comparisons are useful because the two men were for many years the kind of friends who embrace essentially the same values and principles. From the time they were graduate students of Sanskrit together at Harvard in the 1890's, until Babbitt's death in 1933, they corresponded regularly and met whenever the occasion presented itself. They were fundamentally one in their opposition to excessive and dehumanizing forms of romanticism, naturalism, humanitarianism, scientism, and rationalism. Together they championed "the inner check," the "law of measure," the importance of discipline and standards, the values of classicism, the importance of common sense and experience as a check to rationalistic abstraction—all these as corollaries of their fundamental dualistic tenet.

Babbitt and More were generalists of a kind rarely, if ever, encountered today. Our culture and systems of education simply do not produce such minds. In an age of academic specialization, we do not look for a man like More, who knew Latin, Greek, Sanskrit, Pali, and apparently some Hebrew, not to mention several modern languages; who edited *The Nation*; who wrote six volumes on Greek philosophy and early Christian history; who published 13 volumes of literary and social criticism on topics ranging from Greek romance to Walt Whitman; who translated Aeschylus' *Prometheus Bound*, several of Plato's dialogues, and a collection of Indian epigrams; who wrote a biography of Benjamin Franklin, a novel, a book of poems, a book of religious philosophy, an intellectual autobiography, and collaborated on an anthology of Anglicanism and a literature text. And this list is not exhaustive, though perhaps exhausting to reflect upon. Babbitt's erudition breadth of interests are similarly impressive.

Such breadth of learning and concerns partly accounts for the lasting appeal of these two men, whom T.S. Eliot identified as the wisest he had known. It also helps to explain the present renewed interest in them. Both literary theory and philosophy have turned away from the large questions of how men should live and what they should value. Evaluation and judgment have been replaced by analysis for its own sake and interpretation functioning outside the sphere of traditional values. Richard Gilman represents the conventional "wisdom": "The old Mediterranean values—the belief in the sanctity of the individual soul, the importance of logical clarity, brotherhood, reason as arbitrary political order, community—are dead as *useful* frames of reference or pertinent guides to procedure; they are even making some of us sick with a sense of lacerating irony." We have come a long way from Babbitt and More, and some would like to see us retrace our steps.

Given the chaotic fragmentation of contemporary experience and the tawdry blandishments of a consumer culture; given the essential poverty of so much of what today passes for thought and feeling; given the weakness of our institutions, the confusion of our values, the enfeeblement (or default) of social authority; given, finally, our diminished sense of personal connectedness and the notorious frailty of our communal ties, Babbitt and More's bold defense of restraint, discipline, standards, and tradition is a bracing and salutary thing to sample. And its current relevance is increased by the startlingly accurate predictions these two men made in consequence of their analyses of cultural and spiritual trends.

They were not without their blind spots. No critic is ever right in the sense that he says all that could or should be said on a particular subject or that his emphasis is definitive. As Lionel Trilling observed in connection with Matthew Arnold (a figure important to both Babbitt and More), "We properly judge a critic's virtue not by his freedom from error but by the nature of the mistakes he does make, for he makes them, if he is worth reading, because he has in mind something besides his perceptions about art in itself—he has in mind the demands he makes upon life; and those critics are most to be trusted who allow these demands, in all their particularity, to be detected by their readers." There is never any doubt about what Babbitt and More demand of life. Their mistakes are in the open, but so are the lively principles by which they made them. And those principles are as vital in the 80's as they have ever been. cc

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PROMISE OF LIFE *by Momcilo Selic*

"Give them hope, so they may fear."
—The Apocrypha

There is no more Atlantis.

"Where," I was asked in prison, by a Yugoslav State Security agent, "is this Atlantis you would like to live in, Selic?" I didn't tell him that I wanted to live in America, it being alive and well, and still above the waters.

"How many foreign divisions are there in Yugoslavia, Selic?" the agent needled me, and again I kept silent, not telling him that none were needed, him and his likes being our own, homegrown Tartars. He had never heard of Ortega y Gasset, else he would have charged him, posthumously, I suppose.

My interrogator was a defender of the will of the people, or so he felt. He, a peasant boy who had made good, and his bosses, whom the Revolution had placed in power, were ruling Yugoslavia as they were expected to. Not many polls are conducted there, but the rulers were men of acute perception, who could hear the grass grow. Much of what they did met with no disapproval, at least not statistically.

I see the dragon following me, across the ocean, carried within the heart of my knowledge. In telling, there may be a futility: customs haven't changed much concerning bearers of ill tidings. Indifference, and the will not to see, hear, or know are still my executioners, as they were where I came from. Names had become crimes in Yugoslavia. If renaming the world could improve it, Yugoslavia would have been a heaven. They hadn't yet progressed to calling paraplegics the "differently abled," or to appropriating "gay" for the exclusive use of homosexuals, but they had their triumphs. Orwell was a big hit in Belgrade, as elsewhere, often with the very people who were dishing out the hogwash.

The State Security agent whose job it was to take care of me was neither horned nor fanged. As Leonard Cohen had sung of Eichman, he was merely a clerk, of destruction. He was a Protector I couldn't protect myself from, and a computer, inputting my loss to output social gain. It was a simple trade-off in his mind, of many numbers against an entity. Before I had left Yugoslavia for good, I had talked to my friend, Srdja Popovic. A lawyer in a country where laws are regarded as impediments to revolutionary justice, he had turned his tired eyes upon me and said: "Were God meant to walk among us, why would we need the sky?" I had to smile with him then, and leave him at his task in Belgrade, for he was a courageous man, desperate beyond my ability to suffer.

For life to be possible, I suppose it had to be out of reach of men, and many have written of that, including Dostoevski. Dreams and paradises when transposed to earth have an obstinate tendency to turn into hells and nightmares. There may be a dusk descending upon all of us so coddled by fortune that we have become nauseated by our own intestines. My State Security caretaker would have been delighted by the activities of various attitude police in places like London, Toronto, and New York. Among other things, he was punishing me for not being underprivileged, incapacitated, or average. He, on the other hand, was eminently average. Had he not been that, possibly he would have sat right beside me, and someone else would have interrogated us both.

My equality was to be reaffirmed by him and branded upon me, as humanely as possible. After all, he and his bosses were no terrorists, but cynical and compassionate guides into bliss. It had taken men thousands of years to articulate the idea of sin, but he was intent on abolishing it. Only one transgression was to be allowed to remain, conceptually—that of pride—while excellence and expiation were to be dispensed only by him and those who had invested him.

No nurture, I found, could turn a sable into a pelican, but my State Security godfather would have never subscribed to that. Though no Lysenko, he was committed to breeding virtue, the way Prussians effect their miraculous, square-edged hedges. If the world spurns his efforts, so much the worse for the world. He could, and would, ban any knowledge contrary to the beliefs he considered humanizing. Whether it ever occurred to him that the world went somewhat beyond humanity itself, I do not know. I suspect that it wouldn't have mattered to him at all, for his will was to stamp his mark on everything, right down to housebroken pets and mechanized people.

Before my Eastern European, befuddled, emigré eyes, shadows flitter at high noon. Democracies have existed as long as men, as well as attempts at freedom, and the two did not always coincide. The will of the people, as Kipling wrote, may not have much to do with the way of the world, for multitudes are as prone to make mistakes as individuals. Our misconceptions, before man became mostly a computing animal, were a luxury allowed to us by our own impotence. They were paid for by those who entertained them, not by the species as a whole.

Momcilo Selic is an expatriate Yugoslav writer.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

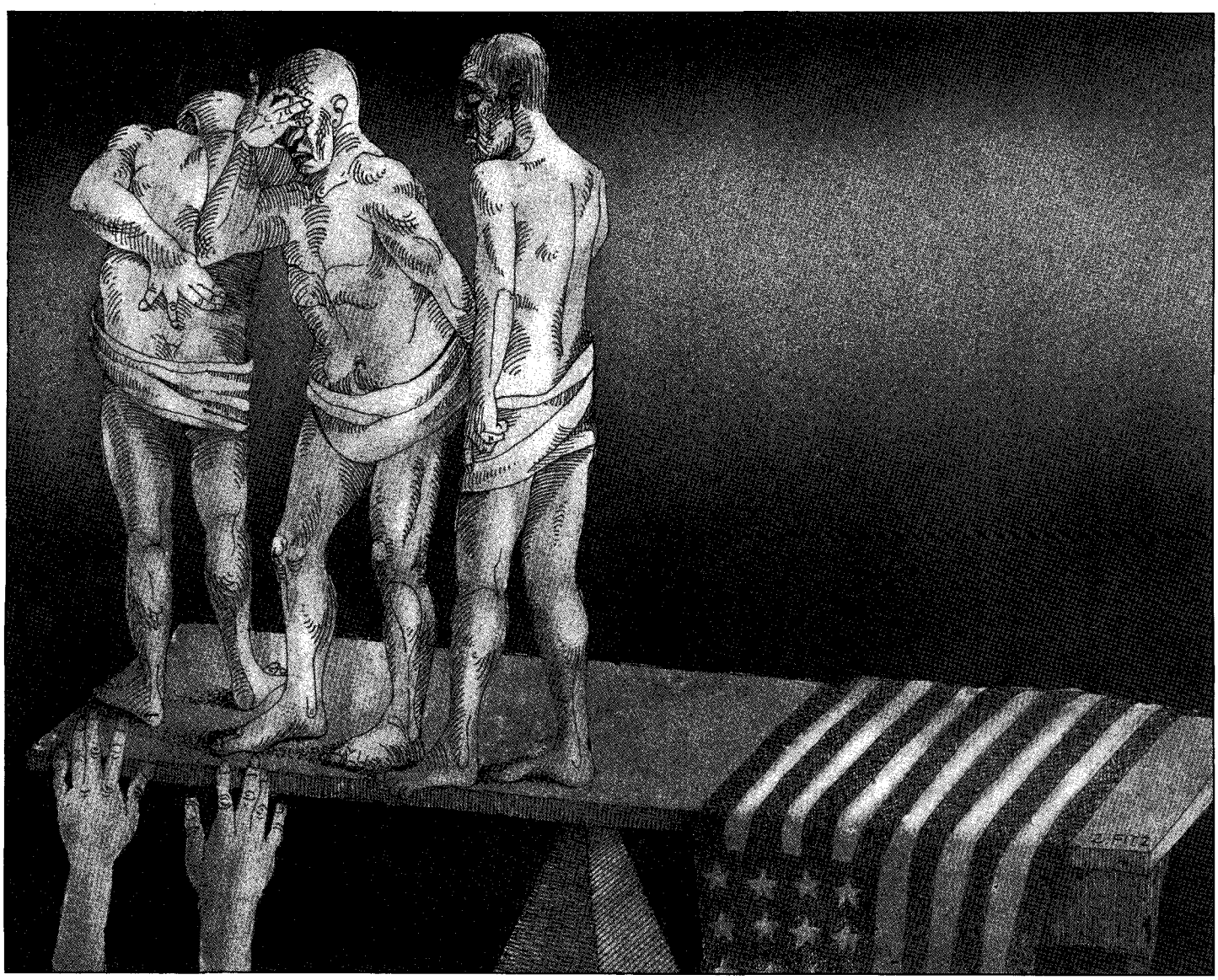
I've yet to hear of a committee steering a lifeboat to safety. In our days, few dictators are elected, but their proliferation should speak to us of the danger we all feel, but many fail to acknowledge. It will not be the Bomb that does us in: when Herodotus met the Scythians, they were a degenerate, obese race, on their last legs to extinction.

Everybody dies, and all things die: it is the price we pay for living. So the only thing left to us is to ensure that we have lived. The promise of life breathed upon us is as tenuous as our existence. No technology will ever be able to fulfill it, for the simple reason that no technology is ever going to be alive. If we ever succeed in breeding simulacra of life in our workshops or laboratories, we will only have completed what we have so far set out to do. Our world will have become solid-state, crystalline, and dead, to no one's detriment but our own.

These things, unfortunately, go beyond ideology. Our search for life without its consequences, evident with Brazilian tribes as with the people in America, is the only danger we face. The communists have only turned out to be the most ferocious, devoted, and consistent hunters after safe, and deathless, life. Maybe that is the reason that their name has been tied up with so much murder and destruction.

We are killing ourselves and everything around us with our desire to live. The first outcome of our "rationalism" has been by now a permanent quantification of everything. That which cannot be counted, many have come to regard as nonexistent. But how is one to quantify love, devotion, loyalty, courage, truth, or even life itself? Nobody speaks of anyone being "partially alive," yet I have been told, often, that Yugoslavia, for instance, is "freer" than the Soviet Union. Our ability to make such distinctions may be a good indicator of why slavery still rules the world.

Intrinsically, there is no reason why freedom should be dependent upon opportunity. Of course, Marxists would disagree with me, but I have seen men spring out of misery and meanness issue from privilege. Men have been free, and free of fear as well, in very adverse conditions, and they have been, and are, dying of fear in wonderlands of plenty. Cancer and AIDS are not our plagues, but our fear of them is. Death has no name, and cultures have differed, so far,



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mostly in their attitudes towards it.

What is it that forces families of Americans kidnapped in Beirut to come before TV cameras and tell us all that the lives of their loved ones are worth more than the honor, the probity, and, in the last instance, the safety of their own nation? Men have faced death since the first ones came to life; yet for thousands of years they have evolved countless ways to meet it with dignity, grace, and courage. I wonder which of those qualities are left to those of us kept plugged into life-support systems, as doctors tinker with us, making us even more mechanical than we already are.

It is the mind-set that has legislated the safety belt upon me that sees no taking in giving. Freedom *is* opportunity, for downfall as well as rise. In the Soviet Union, they have excised out of life all the possibility of failure by creating a unified, equitable, and universal failure. The world of seedless fruit and sinless sex will have become a reality only with the loss of our navels, which, in itself, is impossible no more.

For ages, people have divided themselves into real human beings and those who are only biologically human. But our divisions have become much more blurred, numerous, and inconsequential. Our spokespersons, representatives, and delegates to life would otherwise be out of mandate. Statistical entities, existing only in computer-degradable minds, are becoming new units of humanity—the Western experiment in the existence of the person is giving way before the ancient Asiatic reality of masses.

If biological success is to be measured by the spread of a species upon earth, we are almost as viable as bacteria or fungi. There is no reason, I suppose, why economics shouldn't apply to humans as well. Where men have become mere fractions of millions, and billions yet to come, it is hard to envisage any other system but a collectivist one. In Montenegro, the death of every man was a loss, for the whole country never numbered more than 200,000 individuals. In India, cyclones wash away more people than that yearly, while the Chinese are apt to execute an equivalent of the Montenegrin army in a single anti-crime campaign.

Life is but a precondition to living. No place in this continuum and, I suspect, in any other, is boundless. Infinities there are only of choice, upon finite worlds. People, in their millions, spend eons watching TV, playing cards, or merely existing, convinced of their right to endless living, so they could, I suppose, have their crack at frittering away the cosmos.

In Canada, where I live, and in the USA, which I love, I see a rampant, galloping flight from the responsibility of being human. Or alive, for that matter. Our technology, economics, our medicine, and social doctrines are all working together to absolve us from the dignity of being responsible for our own lives, as well as for our deaths. Every year I find myself less free than the preceding one. Looking back upon the North America of the 50's, I realize that it was a paradise. Freedom then had not yet become conditional upon safety—transgression was punished more severely than nowadays, while prevention was still a rightfully medical term.

Nothing in this whole wide universe is as unsafe as freedom. In fact, that could be a definition of it. Risk is what we pay with to have a chance at life. Otherwise, we would only have a chance at safety. A continent discovered and developed by those who were able and willing to risk is gradually being transformed into a playground for those willing to have us all domesticated. It was probably inevitable for us to turn upon our own selves the principles we have been using, so far, in our dealings with the world. But still it is a sorry thing to witness. I wish I were not party to it, but I am, by being alive.

There can be no adulthood without freedom, nor can there be any humanity without adulthood. For those unwilling to risk, there is always the freedom of choice, inseparable from the obligation to face the consequences. There can be no equality between freedom and slavery, ignorance and the search for knowledge, spiritual baseness and nobility. Living in this world from Belgrade to Chicago, from London to Lusaka, and from Peru to Iran, I have found it, unfortunately, mostly a place where little men base their stature upon the misery of others. Vast myriads of human beings upon this planet are united in their belief that their malfunction is a result of someone else's success. There is no dearth of ideologues, least of all in the West itself, willing to support them in this belief. There is an almost universal anti-Western, especially anti-American, feeling in all the Third World countries where I have lived. This feeling is a product of envy and injured pride.

Ideologies of jealousy are a feature of our times, more than of any other. Never before were the differences between success and failure so pronounced and obvious. That is not the fault of viable nations and societies, but an outcome of modern technology. While cursing the Satan of America, Khomeini does it by microphone in front of cameras, despite an express Islamic ban on human representation. In Kuwait, sheiks endlessly cruise the streets in their Cadillacs, fingering their worry beads and denouncing Western decadence. There are no cultures in this world but one: the culture of man fleeing nature, and the only differences are those of degree. We should not let anyone extol their impotence as a virtue. Those who rail against big power imperialism engage in petty, often much more vengeful, oppression, either at home or against their immediate neighbors.

This world is at war, and no one needs to look at a map of battlefields to see that. Beyond the borders of a very few fortunate states, homicidal frenzy, darkness, lethargy, oppression, and wholesale deception are the rules of life. Yet, among North Americans there is a blissful unawareness of the world beyond their frontiers. Even when they do travel, few travel outside beaten routes or spend time with people living in accord with their geography. We have allowed ourselves to agonize over "issues" like the right to life, a right that is mocked by each act of injustice, disability, and death we cannot do away with. We battle over women's liberation as if all other liberations were achieved already, including the emancipation from those who would speak in the name of all of us. We talk of racial equality without ever having seen any equality, anywhere. Homosexual groups demand the right to celebrate their choice, as if it were a matter of aesthetics. We have lost the war in Vietnam and are losing the one in Central America because of our unwillingness to die for our right to our way of life. Nobody

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Persuasion at Work

Leading the Charge in the Battle of Ideas

> *"Brilliant and unique. Its message rings with urgency and truth."*
>
> —George Gilder

> *"Persuasion at Work challenges all of those involved in formulating or implementing public policy to reconsider their premises, and most important, to reexamine the values on which they are based."*
>
> —Jack Kemp

At last, there exists a publication ready to lead the fight for the survival of the American way of life.

Its name is *Persuasion at Work*. And it is edited by Allan Carlson—a clear-thinking, plain-talking writer who has the unique ability to communicate with all of those who care about public affairs and the world their children are going to inherit.

The "New Age" v. the Rest of Us

Persuasion at Work rests on the premise that the crucial struggle in America today is an ideological one.

On one side of the conflict is the majority of American people. People like you—hardworking, religious, honest, and fair-minded.

On the other side are the avowed opponents of our traditional values and morality.

They call themselves, variously, "Malthusians," "ecofeminists," "environmentalists," or apostles of the "New Left," the "new age," or the "new consciousness."

And they are working to impose upon us disturbing and irreversible changes in the American way of life.

Constructing a Positive Defense of Our Time-Honored Ideals

Persuasion at Work is the one publication that—consistently, in tough-minded, outspoken fashion—identifies these well organized groups.

In carefully researched historical perspectives, it explains how and from what roots they have arisen.

And, most importantly, it sets forth a positive, unapologetic defense of America's time-honored ideals.

The Front Line Approach

On such critical issues as comparable worth, social parenting, poverty and ideology, the survival of the family farm, and child abuse, Dr. Carlson and *Persuasion at Work* have been among the first to reach the front line.

And being there first helps us influence the opinion-makers who control what most of us see and read.

If you share Dr. Carlson's desire to do all that is possible to strengthen the American way of life as we know it...

If you have been waiting for incisive reports on the critical issues that affect you and your family...

You are invited to subscribe now to *Persuasion at Work*.

Subscribe Now and Save $4.05

Under this special offer, you save $4.05 off our single-copy price of $18 per year. *Plus, you will receive our special up-to-the-minute* "Trend Reports" *on overlooked developments that may alter our future.*

Just forward your check for $13.95 with the coupon below, and we'll start you with our freshest issue. But, please, do it now.

The Rockford Institute • P.O. Box 800 • Rockford, IL 61105

☐ YES, promptly start my subscription (12 monthly issues) to *Persuasion at Work*. Enclosed is my check for $13.95—I save $4.05 off the regular $18 rate. If not pleased with my first issue, I may cancel and receive a full refund.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State/Zip _____

Outside of the U.S., add $3. Make check payable to The Rockford Institute. **U.S. funds only.** Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery of your first issue.

T40/1

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is going to fight our battles harder than we can do it ourselves. Nicaragua is not threatened by communism. We are. Maybe, for the Nicaraguans, communism represents a hope in their misery, but at least *we* have pulled away from such despair.

Like vacationers in a shark cage, much of the West is mindlessly taping the sights and sounds of the world as it is, outside the fragile bars. North America is still only a continent, yet to be upgraded into a planet. It must begin gauging itself by the rest of this world, instead of by its own fancies. No peace can be achieved by disarming oneself, spiritually, mentally, and physically, in the face of dangers which are formidable.

My father and my mother fought with guns to transpose the promise of life from heaven to earth. They were Yugoslav Communist Partisans in the Revolution to usher in the millennium. Both, as commissars, told their captive audiences of the coming of the New Man: noble, selfless, greedless, and cooperative. We lost most of our closest kin in the Revolution and probably dispatched many others' relatives to oblivion. Upon hearing my father's revolutionary spiel, his father-in-law, an incorrigible individualist and a businessman, told him: "You don't know nothing yet!" Only my father's intervention saved him from being shot as an obstacle to the Shining Future. Yugoslavia was the Nicaragua of its age, just as previously it had been a Lebanon. Déjà vu is often merely faulty memory: as soon as he consolidated his power, Tito abolished all parties but his.

Like D.T. Suzuki, my parents saw that the world couldn't go on in its present form. Though it had been derived from our wish to have it mirror ourselves, Dr. Suzuki's world demands endless sacrifice: we are told that we must evolve further, to fit the nightmare of our own creation. But we cannot evolve, for we have already evolved. We are what we are, and no amount of armed revolution or scientific tinkering is going to make us less evil, destructive, and aggressive than we are. Those who talk of the New Man, and of Changing Our Ways If We Are To Survive, are talking of death, destruction, and wholesale gelding. In our species, aggression is a means to survival; only females bear children, while males mate with them,

REVISIONS

Last Rights

Marxists have never made a secret of their antipathy toward religion: out of power, they scoff; in power, they persecute. So why is it that many of the most eager defenders of communism have been and continue to be priests, clergymen, and pious laymen? This irony is the subject of Lloyd Billingsley's *The Generation That Knew Not Josef* (Multnomah; Portland, OR). Billingsley recounts once again the depressing tale of the Christian fellow travelers who ignored or even justified the atrocities of one of the most transparent villains in a century of political gangsters, and who refused to hear the testimonies of repentant sinners as diverse as Malcolm Muggeridge, André Gide, Arthur Koestler, or George Orwell. Included among "the credulous armies of the just" (Muggeridge's term) were found Anna Louise Strong, the zealous clergyman's daughter who admired Stalin as a man "too valuable" to be regarded merely as a "god," and the Very Reverend Hewlett Johnson, the "Red Dean" of Canterbury who compared Lenin to Christ and who spoke of the Soviet Union as "the salvation of the world." Strong justified the liquidation of the kulaks; Johnson approved of Stalin's pact with Hitler. And many other "crazed clergymen" of the day went just as far in their adulation of Soviet might.

Surveying today's religious left, Billingsley finds no one indulging in "rhapsodies over Soviet economics" nor speeches "about the humble man Stalin bringing in the kingdom of Christ." What he does find, though, is a continuing reluctance to confront the evil of the Soviet Union (often said to be no worse than America) and an overeagerness to see the hand of God in every Third World Marxist regime. Billingsley attributes all this truckling to a hidden desire among some Christians to be totalitarians themselves. But the belief that Third World Marxists are God's chosen servants has been given theological justification and intellectual respectability by the soi-distant "liberation theologians," especially Gustavo Gutierrez and José Miguez-Bonino.

In *Liberation Theology* (Mott; Milford, MI), edited by Ronald H. Nash, a number of leading Christian scholars and commentators —including Michael Novak, Carl F.H. Henry, Dale Vree, Richard John Neuhaus, and Harold O.J. Brown—offer skeptical analyses of this new rapprochement with Marx. While liberation theology may serve as "a corrective to the smug self-sufficiency of bourgeois Christianity," the new formulation is "deficient both in its diagnosis and its prescription." Vree finds it strange that liberationists see in Latin American Marxists "Christians incognito" despite their repudiation of Christian doctrine, and Nash is puzzled that liberationists have so little to say about tyranny, poverty, and religious persecution in communist lands. Neuhaus sees in the liberationists' willingness to turn the Church into "a recruitment office for the revolution" yet another instance of "the cultural captivity of the gospel." Although the contributors voice their criticisms in more temperate and less polemical tones than Billington, they share his perception that the religious left is insufficiently concerned about freedom and is all too willing to be yoked in political causes with unbelievers. If capitalists are busy selling communists the rope for their own hanging, liberation theologians are equally hard at work consecrating the barbed wire for reeducation camps. cc

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

instead of with each other. In my postwar, revolutionary, liberational time, I remember the talk of dismantling the family, to liberate us all further. The same words are to be heard today, on this side of the ocean, from people who see no abridgment of freedom in the wealth of regulation instituted at their insistence, purportedly to make the world safe for everyone. Adults do *not* need a safe world, but a living one. What am I to say to my children, when they are advised in school to "discuss" a blow they have received from another child? Hijackers won't disappear if their demands are either met or forgotten. Bullies, I have learned in my Yugoslav prison experience, never strike where they don't consider it safe, and it pains me to see America regarded as a convenient victim. If we are to survive in a form worth maintaining, we must come to grips with our humanity, instead of searching for an alternate one.

Death is a misfortune only after a misspent life. We should be thankful for its capacity to clear the ground for new life and to teach us some humility and economy. Saving our hostages in a manner that lays this part of the world open to further terror is a crime, infinitely greater than losing unwilling soldiers in a war for survival. Willy-nilly all of us from the West are involved in exactly such a war, and if anyone wants to know what the enemy is like, there is no shortage of illustrations. Those who have chosen to embrace any means to assault the producers of their food, consumer goods, weapons, technology, and ideology should be made hostage themselves. Berserkers should expect no quarter for their communities or those who support and goad them on.

In grappling with wolves, it is the wolves who set the rules. We have all crossed the last ocean, and the only way out, now, is up. North America has built itself into a giant, promising the world a relief for at least some of its ills. It has achieved that mostly by itself and has no one to praise or blame for it. It is an island in a howling world, and the howling won't go away through any technological, *menagerial*, or psychological trick. There are barbarians camped out there, waiting precisely for what is happening: for someone to open the gate, and for the men of the city to destroy themselves.

Even paranoiacs have real enemies, as it was noted on a Paris wall in the spring of 1968. Our enemies are mostly ourselves and our desire for painlessness. Khomeini, Khadafy, Hitler, Stalin, Mugabe were always merely predators. They had preyed on our weaknesses and won, at least for a time. But those are the times that determine our consciousness, the way Auschwitz determines the consciousness of a people. Good times are not what we are all about. Living hurts, but not as much as extinction. As opposed to mere death, the loss of the chance to reach our humanity is irremediable. Why do we find it so hard to understand that which is sublime in us? How does it happen that there is so much cause for evil, and yet there are good men in the world as we know it? The way things are, we might all be screaming gunmen, venting our rages upon each other.

Those should be the questions we ask ourselves. Let those who have forced us to raise them understand the Shiites, Sandinistas, communists, and other haters of this world. If things continue going the way they have for some time now, we all may live to see all our questions answered, even the ones we did not dare ask. Only, then there will be no place to emigrate, and Atlantis will again be under the sea, much heavier to emerge from than were it mere water. ∞

Shelter From the Storm

(continued from page 7)

This does not mean that a resident of Dunn, North Carolina, owes no obligation to the people of Oregon or Afghanistan, but that there is an appropriate level for the exercise of moral commitments. Individuals ordinarily exercise them on a personal and familial level, families on the level of community, communities at the national level, and nations in the international sphere. Worrying about all the problems of the Third World is not only too much for the mortal flesh of one person to bear, it is an inappropriate and dangerous burden to assume. These are essentially questions of foreign policy, not private morality. They are national priorities to be established by consensus. The intrusion of individuals and churches into affairs of state is all the more dangerous, because it invites the continued encroachment of the state upon the rights of churches, families, and individuals.

There is a very real danger in this confusion of spheres of responsibility. Private citizens want to make decisions on the deployment of weapons or foreign policy commitments, and government bureaucrats are eager to champion the rights of children against their parents. If Catholic and Lutheran bishops (to say nothing of our great unlicensed diplomat, Jesse Jackson) want to play at being Secretary of State and arrogate the executive powers of the U.S. unto themselves, they can expect to find treasury department officials taking a keen interest in their tax-exempt activities. Government intrusion into church activities would be undesirable, but not entirely unjustified. It is increasingly evident that many church leaders and religious organizations see their role as primarily political. Their inability to keep religion and politics separate is compounded by an understanding of social ethics so incoherent and confused that in most circles it could pass for ignorance. What all this ferment over sanctuary brings home to us once again is the moral bankruptcy of so much of the religious leadership in America.

—Thomas Fleming

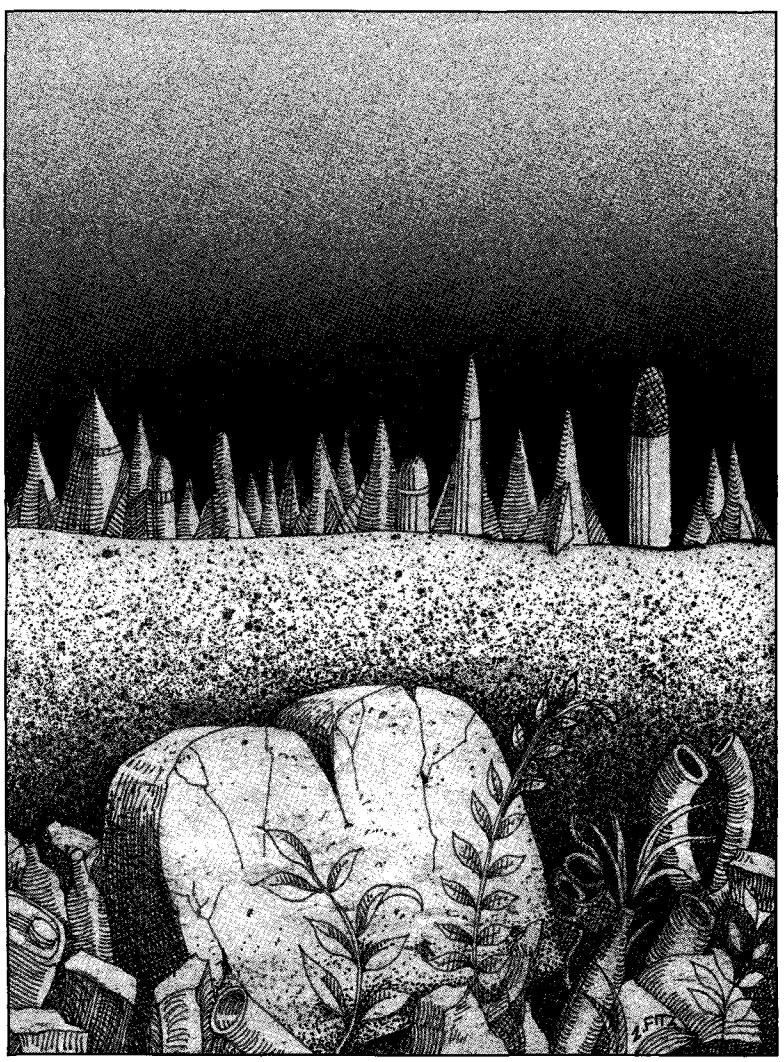
The Rockford Institute
Annual Report
1985

For your complimentary copy write: The Rockford Institute,
934 North Main Street, Rockford, Illinois 61103.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WAR, PEACE, AND THE CHURCH'S TEACHING *by Thomas Molnar*

The amazing thing about the nuclear debate and the Catholic bishops' participation in it is that the accumulated wisdom and experience of mankind, as well as the Church's pronouncements on peace and war, are so completely ignored. This is quite a natural phenomenon on the part of so many lay debaters: it belongs also to mankind's experience that in every age there are men who believe that *theirs* is a privileged moment of division in history: between a long but essentially unenlightened past and a bright and



rational future in which mankind will embrace full happiness and harmony. The falsely wise man, whom I prefer to call a "utopian" and whom Mgr. Knox used to call an "enthusiast," believes that the times have somehow thickened during his own lifespan, and that history has undergone an ontological transformation. He himself—a Hegel, a Marx, a Nietzsche—stands on the threshold of a new era into which it is given to him exclusively to peer, prophet-like.

It follows from such premises that the utopian regards events during his own lifetime as particularly dramatic, good or bad, but sufficiently so to start all men, or at least an elite, to think on different lines from the traditional course. Such a dramatic event, according to the false prophets, is today the military use of nuclear power, a gigantic misuse of human talents and abilities which will, however, introduce the redemption of history from the greatest plague of all, *war*.

War, the killing of men, is based not only on distrust, but also on the assumption that its destructiveness has always been limited by the imperfection of available weapons. *Now*, however, says the utopian, war has become qualitatively different from what it used to be: global, devastating potentially the whole planet, murdering all men in one single apocalyptic blow. The whole matter must be rethought, antiwar movements must be started everywhere, hostility to nuclear wars, offensive or defensive, must be taught in schools, parades of little children must be used, along with propaganda posters, to soften the statesmen's hearts. By the same relentless propaganda, all men must be made conscious that *now* is the time to end all wars, that there is not a day to lose. A Harvard Law School professor, one Roger Fisher, who crisscrosses the planet teaching the techniques of "conflict-solving" (if anything, by his primitive arguments he sows the seeds of new ones), suggested that the heads of State of the two superpowers should be compelled to kill an escort before pushing the button of the nuclear holocaust.

Now what is so strange in this whole thing is not the pseudo-prophets' alarm over new hardware: there were those who saw a threat to civilization when the crossbow was invented, or gunpowder, the rapid-fire machine gun, or toxic gases. Of course, potentially damaging inventions should always be opposed—but not with apocalyptic arguments, not with a thesis that mankind's fate is in the balance, that history may now turn from evil to goodness. Even reputable philosophers have succumbed to this false vision: Immanuel Kant drew up a project-blueprint for permanent peace. The strangeness and novelty inhere in the fact that we find bishops, entire episcopates, joining the false prophets and adopting their faulty reasoning—as if the Church's teaching were not available in order to put matters in perspective, to fight evil but without the naive, ideological view that it can be uprooted by wishful thinking and an all-too-human manipulation.

An entire sociological study would be needed to explain why the American bishops have turned, roughly in one decade, from one conformity to another—from a naive belief in "old" America: the America of businessmen, hard

Thomas Molnar is on the faculty at the City University of New York and is a visiting professor of religious studies at Yale University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hats, and "God's own country," to a ritualized hatred of the "new" America: home of intolerable poverty, racial exploitation, warmongering, and inequality. I think that the switch from one superficial view to another has as its basis the crusading spirit of all Americans, bishops or laymen, Christians or Jews. The nuclear bomb and the economic issues provide at present safe crusading causes, attention-catching slogans—and pastoral letters full of clichés.

A few years ago I wrote a book in which I warned that as the American Church increasingly distances itself from Rome, we might see bishops' committees turning into a kind of shadow-cabinet to the government in Washington. Such a shadow-cabinet would have as many ministries as the government has, dealing with foreign policy and agriculture, military matters and labor—mostly by incompetent people whose true mission lies in spirituality, moral matters, and diocesan administration. Today, what had seemed to be an impossibly grotesque suggestion becomes reality, as the bishops issue letter upon letter about things alien to the ministry that Christ entrusted to them.

The other reason for the sudden irruption of utopianism into the bishops' undisturbed universe may be located in the kind of ecclesiastical *coup d'etat* that took place when the new, progressive, and leftist seminarians began leaving their classrooms and occupying, now as ordained priests, the secretariats of episcopal commissions and conferences. While formerly, on matters where they lacked competence, the bishops used to consult people of varied backgrounds, they now have at their elbow reputedly bright young college graduates, with doctorates in sociology, psychology, and foreign policy. Documents issued bear the mark of brain trusters, with the result that "new research" and "scientific expertise" tend to replace "old doctrine."

These and other reasons explain why the bishops, in a turnabout of one short decade, have lined up with the fashionable ideological opinion—at a time when the German and French episcopates, for example, took an altogether different stand on the war and peace issue. In view of the possible confusion, it is thus important for us to restore the Church's correct teaching on this matter. The American bishops and their advisors tend to overlook and often to simply ignore the Church's teaching.

We can make short shrift of the general argument of all pacifists and quasi-pacifists that nuclear weapons represent such an absolute evil that, as a result of their availability, wars must be outlawed and all previous views about their possible justness scratched. If the Bomb is indeed so absolutely new in the annals of mankind, why would the communist regime, against which it is primarily aimed, also not be absolutely new and absolutely noxious? Never has there been, under Assyrian emperors or Nero, under Chinese despots or Caligula, such inhuman regimes as those which now cover one third of the planet and are still expanding; they represent a veritable "first" in their relentless efforts to change man by crushing his soul and destroying previous communities and institutions. The game of the "absolutely new," requiring a total rethinking of history, doctrine, wisdom and experience, may be played by both sides; it leads only into a speculative impasse.

Let us abandon the impasse about what constitutes ontological change and try instead to restore Catholic doctrine on the matter of peace and war, a matter which also *naturally includes* all considerations about nuclear war. The latter requires no "new morality," "new Christian vision," nor any rewriting of doctrine. Instead, let us ask why the Church's teaching on "just war" is under attack, an attack for which the nuclear issue may have merely contributed a pretext.

In modern thinking—which goes back to the 14th century and William of Ockham—the individual has acquired a disproportionate importance as the only verifiable reality. Communities, institutions, family, moral and juridical persons, and finally the social network have paid for this distortion. By the 18th century, it was denied that man needed the State to prosper, and it was proposed that Society is the product of a contract based on the hypothetical contractants' "cupidity and fear of each other" (Hobbes)—in other words, on aggression and counteraggression. The ideal was the isolated "noble savage" and Rousseau's similarly isolated Emile. A number of extremely fashionable ideas today, from Freudianism to existentialism, perpetuate the notion that society is man's enemy and that our "pulsions" are all expressions of a fundamental hostility.

Under the circumstances, further confused by the neoliberal concept of the "minimal State," we tend to locate the evil not in ourselves, but in the State as a concentration of power and evil interests. We have conveniently forgotten the old doctrine that the State too is God's creation, a secondary cause without which man could not survive, though our memory can be restored when it suits our purpose: after their pastoral on nuclear war, the bishops—with supreme illogic—call upon the State to provide for the citizens' welfare. It is absurd to give the State all the economic power—then deprive it of its primary function, the community's defense.

If he is without any social and sentimental responsibility to family, group, community, or nation, the individual, by now a sheer abstraction, indeed has the right to adopt a "pacifist" attitude, as far as his own person is concerned. He may decide not to resist attackers, thiefs, murderers. Suppose, however, that the same individual is father of a family, a watchman on medieval city walls expected to alert fellow-citizens to approaching marauders, or the president of a modern republic. His duties in these functions neutralize and overcome his individual inclinations and command him to respond to the aggressions in kind. It would be unspeakably immoral of him not to resist, not to protect the group he leads. It would not be a question of neutrality or pacifism. In fact, the pacifist leader would be guilty of taking the attacker's side against his own people.

This, in essence, is the core of the Church's position on the "just war," now being occulted by ideological and emotional verbiage. This position is so crystal clear and correct that appeals to the "absolutely new nature" of atomic weapons have no logical power against it. No matter what risks are taken by the self-protecting group—a nation, as the case is—the natural right, even duty, of self-protection prevails over all other considerations. The opposite position is that the nuclear weapon has changed the nature of war, whether offensive or defensive. The assertion that nuclear weaponry is not "hostile to any kind of aggression"—a cheap slogan—is also aimed at the disman-

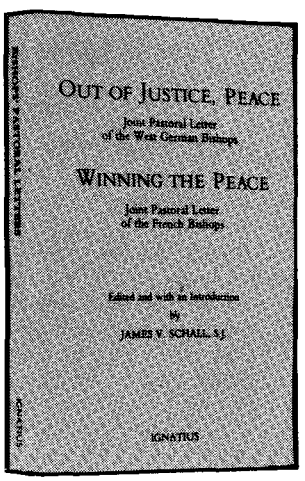
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tling of the State, whose primary justification is, precisely, external defense.

The American bishops offer several alternatives: nonresistance to the attacker combined with noncooperation with him, now the occupier of the national territory. This sounds like a child's vagaries in the world of adults, for the occupier they and we have in mind has means to compel "cooperation" in chains and gulags. Nor would the enemy have even a minimum of grudging respect, as it had for Hungarians who had risen up, arms in hand, in sacrifice for their nation. The American bishops not only oppose reason and dignity, they recommend cowardice as a view of the new historical epoch. Or, worse, they seek to formulate impossible—and immoral—amalgams, as Cardinal Bernardin's ingenious proposition that "life-issues"—abortion, war, capital punishment—should be treated as one "package." Since wars are not likely to go out of fashion this side of Christ's Second Coming, Bernardin's message is to keep abortions forever on the book.

"Essential Reading on War and Peace"

—from the French & German Bishops


OUT OF JUSTICE, PEACE
Joint Pastoral Letter of the West German Bishops
WINNING THE PEACE
Joint Pastoral Letter of the French Bishops
Edited and with an Introduction by JAMES V. SCHALL, S.J.
IGNATIUS

Permanent soft-cover $3.95
(10 or more copies $2.95)
(100 or more $1.95)

This important volume, ***Out of Justice, Peace*** and ***Winning the Peace***, contains the complete text of both the Joint Pastoral Letters of the West German Bishops and of the French Bishops on war and peace. Edited and with an introduction by Fr. James Schall, S.J., and an appendix by Basil Cardinal Hume of England, these texts are essential for a thorough discussion on this vital issue.

"Extraordinarily lucid and persuasive pastoral letters on war and peace. The bishops have given us remarkably sane statements on nuclear deterrence and its positive relation to keeping peace."
— James V. Schall, S.J.

"The first time since Pope Pius XII that a body of the Catholic Church has officially stated that Communism is intrinsically perverse."
— National Review

"These documents are distinguished by their wisdom and judgement in regard to the morality of defending national and individual rights. Those interested in the continuing dialogue about the morality of deterrence should consider these documents as absolutely essential reading."
— Archbishop Philip Hannan, New Orleans, La.

TWO OTHER IMPORTANT BOOKS ON SOCIAL ISSUES:

- **The Social Teaching of Vatican II**, by Rodger Charles, S.J.
England's foremost Catholic scholar on the Church's social teachings gives us the most comprehensive and definitive work on this topic to date. This masterpiece is the fruit of twenty years of study and research. **Hardcover, 600 pages $30.00**
- **Liberation Theology**, by James V. Schall, S.J.
Drawing on important ecclesiastical documents, as well as contemporary articles from experts in the U.S. and abroad, Fr. Schall, an authority on the social issues, gives a thorough and concise treatment of this controversial subject. **Permanent soft $12.95**

IHS ignatius press P.O. Box 18990 San Francisco, CA 94118

COPIES TITLE AMOUNT

Name
Street
City, State, ZIP

R Please include $1.00 for postage and handling. (Calif. residents please add 6½% sales tax.)

In sum, the United States bishops line up on the side of pacifism, which is itself a militant, aggressive, quasi-military operation. The "pacifist" label has nothing to do with it; it is not the first time in this century that a reassuring label covers an evil merchandise. The peace that the Church preaches is a conversion of the heart. Before that can happen, the human condition imposes its servitudes. History, in fact, has never known a peace based on agreement and final reconciliation, only such a peace that was in the victor's interest, although the defeated also gained some satisfaction. There was the *pax Romana*, the Spanish peace in South America, the "peaceful" century in Europe, from 1815 to 1914, paid for by colonial people, and then the post-1945 "peace," as bloody and violent through its local wars as any major conflict ever. The bishops, engaging in political rhetoric instead of moral exhortation, have turned into peace-activists; yet they speak in a moral vacuum.

The world, for all its imperfections, is at least more concrete than the bishops' untutored imaginings. Basically, wars are not mere clashes of arms. They are ideological conflicts between sets of definitions. The victor imposes not only his material conditions, but also, more importantly, his *monopoly of meanings*. Hitler and Chamberlain obviously defined "peace" differently, and the question in 1939 was whose definition would prevail. We are instructed by the various pacifist schools of thought that "peace is in mankind's rational interest"; but even if we grant that the rational prevails over the irrational, who defines "rational" or "interest"? Thus what appears to A as rational, is interpreted by B as cowardly, an invitation to aggression.

While the Church teaches the conversion of hearts, a process to end with history itself (and even then incompletely, since there will remain the redeemed and the damned), the pacifists—and the American bishops—insist that this be done here and now, with the help of technological dismantling of existing arsenals. Even if this were a possibility, where is the assurance that tomorrow the blackness of the warring heart does not again prevail—and the military technology reactivated? Place all weapons at the disposal of the United Nations? But this organization too is human, and the only difference would be that wars would henceforth be called "insurrections against a World-State" that would be by definition, but only by definition, peaceful.

The most that can be hoped for is what is promised in the permanent teaching of the Church: temporary and limited peace periods, guaranteed by the self-interest of sovereign States. This perspective is unacceptably modest for the enthusiasts, both within and without the Church, who forget that in feudal times the Church, depositor of meanings, could impose the *treuga Dei*, a temporary and limited peace, not more. At the time, the "balance of terror" existed between the armor of knights, a kind of mutual deterrence. Yet, no permanent peace resulted, mankind survived and went on devising new weapons: better siege machines, more combat-ready standing armies, tanks, bomber planes . . . the Bomb. Not a lovely enumeration, but apparently within the scope of man under God's providence. cc

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"THE FUTURE THAT WORKS"

Discover it in *Policy Review*, the flagship publication of The Heritage Foundation.

Policy Review and The Heritage Foundation lie behind such initiatives as

- strategic defense,
- supply-side tax cuts,
- enterprise zones,
- the Reagan Doctrine in Central America, and
- Charles Murray's critique of the welfare state.

Stay on the cutting edge of the ideas that are changing America.
Subscribe today to ***Policy Review***.

policy REVIEW

This is a ☐ new ☐ renewal ☐ gift subscription for:
☐ one year ($15.00)
☐ two years ($28.00)
☐ three years ($38.00)
☐ payment enclosed
☐ charge my ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ Amer. Exp.
☐ Bill me later

Add $5.00 per year for foreign air-speeded delivery.

Check payable to:

Policy Review
214 Massachusetts Ave., N.E.
Washington, D.C. 20002

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Please begin my subscription with:
☐ current issue ☐ next issue

VISA/American Express/Mastercard Number _____

Expiration Date _____ Signature _____

CC6

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On November 22, 1985, Eugène Ionesco and Robert Nisbet were honored at an awards banquet in Chicago's Ritz-Carlton hotel as recipients of the third annual Ingersoll Prizes. M. Ionesco received The T.S. Eliot Award for Creative Writing. Dr. Nisbet was presented with The Richard M. Weaver Award for Scholarly Letters. Inaugurated in 1983, The Ingersoll Prizes (each carrying an award of $15,000) are supported by The Ingersoll Foundation, the philanthropic division of The Ingersoll Milling Machine Company, and are administered by The Rockford Institute. Addressing the approximately one hundred scholars, writers, and community leaders in attendance at the awards banquet were John Agresto, acting director of the National Endowment for the Humanities; John Howard, president of both The Ingersoll Foundation and The Rockford Institute; and Thomas Fleming, editor of *Chronicles of Culture* and executive secretary of The Ingersoll Prizes. Both of this year's Ingersoll laureates also spoke, and their acceptance speeches will be published as feature essays in the February and March issues of *Chronicles*. cc

Joseph Epstein (left), editor of The American Scholar, *talks with* Chronicles *editor Thomas Fleming (center) and this year's Weaver Award recipient, Robert Nisbet.*

Robert Nisbet

When philosophers ponder the nature of community, they inevitably turn to the writings of Robert Nisbet. With pioneering scholarship and penetrating analysis, Professor Nisbet has explored the significance of family, neighborhood, and community—the institutions that are essential to our common life. His assessment of the challenges of modernity to these enduring patterns has defined many of the leading questions for serious students of contemporary society. Never afraid to defend an unpopular position, he has helped many to regain an appreciation for those models of social thought which transcend the statistical, the political, and the ideological. His accomplishment helps to sustain our hope for a humane social order in the coming century. cc

John Howard presents The T.S. Eliot Award to Eugène Ionesco.

Eugène Ionesco

Eugène Ionesco has emerged as one of the few strong voices for human dignity in the modern theater. In his plays, paintings, and memoirs, he has made an eloquent testimonial to man's capacity for resistance in a world increasingly hostile to our highest aspirations. While others in these difficult times have given way to despair, Ionesco has created comedy out of chaos and serious drama out of the absurd predicament of modern life. An enemy to all the sterilizing and brutal powers of totalitarianism, he has shown us the heroism of ordinary men who refuse to submit. For this defense of human spirit, he is owed a great debt of gratitude by the free peoples of the world and by all who would be free. cc

The awards banquet began with welcoming remarks from Dr. Howard, who spoke of the vision and character of the late Leopold Tyrmand, founding editor of* Chronicles of Culture *and first executive secretary of The Ingersoll Prizes:

Like Richard Weaver and T.S. Eliot, Leopold Tyrmand had a keen sense of the timeless requirements of rational order in human affairs and transcendent values in the life of the human being, and, like them, he knew that neither could prevail without generous nourishment from literature and human scholarship. The ordering values which make freedom preferable to tyranny and which give worthiness to individual life must be revitalized for each generation by those most gifted in poetic imagination and in the analysis of contemporary reality.

This renewal of understanding and inspiration, however, has fallen out of favor in the circles which set the standards and fashions for literature and scholarship. . . . These prizes were, therefore, established to acclaim those keen

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and generous minds which most powerfully reveal to us a higher calling than mere existence. . . . Our long hope for these prizes is to raise the level of public familiarity with those literary and scholarly works which most compellingly call us to lives of significance.

In outlining the intent of the Prizes, Dr. Howard invoked the understanding of human dignity expressed by Richard Weaver in his *Visions of Order:*

> This great yearning of man to *be something* in the imaginative sense, that is to be something more than he is in the simple existential way or in the reductionist formula of materialism is both universal and proper to him. The latter may be asserted because he is the only creature who asks the question why he is here and who feels thwarted in his self-realization until some kind of answer is produced. This urge to be representative of something higher is an active ingredient of his specific humanity; it has created everything from the necklace of animal teeth with which the primitive adorns his body to the elaborate constructions which the men of high culture have made to interpret the meaning of life and their mission in it. This is the point at which he departs from the purely utilitarian course and makes of himself a being of significance. cc

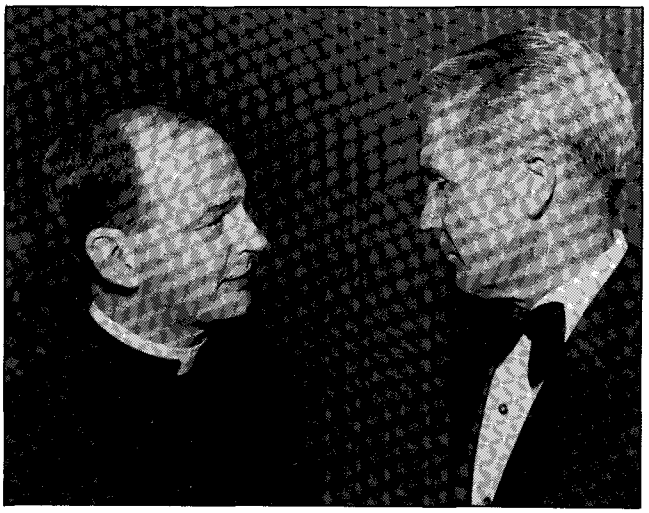
---

Later in the awards program, the historical and cultural significance of the work of Eugène Ionesco and Robert Nisbet was assessed by Dr. Fleming. He identified the work of both men as part of "the counterattack" against the materialistic and dehumanizing tendencies of the modern world:

At the first light of our 20th century, an eccentric classical scholar named Friedrich Nietzsche expressed grave forebodings about the age to come. With the great religious and ethical systems of Europe lying in ruins, men abandoned to themselves would go mad. Twentieth-century man has done his best to fulfill Nietzsche's prediction. The first half of the century witnessed two wars of unprecedented destructiveness and the rise of ideologies that regarded human individuals as so many faceless servants of the state. . . .

Powerful voices were raised in protest over this blasphemy against the human spirit. . . . The plays of M. Ionesco constitute a major part of a revolution that has taken place in the modern theater. In the years that followed the triumphant successes of *Chairs, Rhinoceros,* and *le roi se meurt,* it has become possible to realize the richness and complexity of his resistance to tyranny and his affirmation of the spirit. William Faulkner, in his celebrated Nobel Prize address, declared: Man will prevail. But as M. Ionesco has made us realize, he will prevail only by resisting the depersonalizing forces that would strip him of his humanity.

In our time, most of these forces are political and social, and no one has contributed more to the study of social institutions than Robert Nisbet. Some of his most productive efforts have been directed to recovering that sense of community which modern man has surrendered to the all-conquering state. As society has become increasingly impersonal and secular, "nostalgia," as he wrote in *The Quest for Community,* "has become almost a central state of mind."



Top: Pastor Richard Neuhaus, director of The Rockford Institute's Center on Religion & Society, shares observations with Norman P. McClelland, a director of The Rockford Institute.
Above: Edwin J. Feulner Jr. (left), president of The Heritage Foundation and a Rockford Institute director, exchanges views with last year's Weaver Award recipient, Russell Kirk, and his wife Annette.

It will take more than nostalgia for Europe and America to recover their old sense of community responsibility and spiritual commitment. Among other things, it requires the constant efforts of gifted writers and scholars whose role begins to resemble that of Old Testament prophets. We can refuse to heed them only at our peril. . . . Every age and every generation is compelled to face the consequences of its failure to be fully human, but even in our darkest hours, we can resist despair—if only by reflecting on the capacity of our civilization to bring forth people to meet the crises: T.S. Eliot and Richard Weaver; Charles Péguy; C.S. Lewis, and Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, and—in particular—two men we have here come to honor this evening: Robert Nisbet and Eugène Ionesco. cc

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMENDABLES

Zeus, Whoever He Is

Walter Burkert: *Greek Religion*; Harvard University Press; Cambridge, MA.

Walter Burkert may be the world's leading authority on the religion of the ancient Greeks. Like several predecessors in the field—notably Friedrich Nietzsche and Walter Otto—Burkert writes almost as an enthusiast. In a series of important works, he has paid the Greeks the very high courtesy of taking them seriously.

Burkert is a sort of high church sacramentalist on the subject. At the heart of his vision is the blood sacrifice, that primitive act of ritualized violence which—he believes—lies at the origin of human civilization. While some conservatives speak warmly of the Eisenhower years, and there are even a few reactionaries willing to defend the Hapsburg Empire or the antebellum South, in defending the customs of paleolithic man Burkert may be the greatest reactionary of our time.

Greek Religion, a translation of a German work published in 1977, is—by its very nature—less brilliant and controversial than most of his books: it is meant as a one-volume introduction to religion of the classical period. It is, nonetheless, a remarkable synthesis of scholarship studded with the author's characteristic insights. For him, the sacrificial ritual is the Greek experience of metaphysical equality:

> This is not an exchange of gifts celebrated by a hierarchical society of gods, kings, priests, and commoners: together on the same level, men and women stand here about the altar, experience and bring death, honor the immortals, and in eating affirm life in its conditionality: it is the solidarity of mortals in the face of immortals.

No one who wants to appreciate the meaning of the Greek contribution to our own civilization can afford to neglect their religion, and no one who wants to understand Greek religion can afford to ignore Walter Burkert. (TF)

Faith and Freud in the Bayou

by Michael Jordan

James Wilcox: *North Gladiola*; Harper and Row; New York.

A comic religious novel, *North Gladiola* treats the same region of southeast Louisiana and some of the same characters that James Wilcox introduced to his readers in his first novel, *Modern Baptists* (Doubleday, 1983). The protagonist of the first novel, bumbling Mr. Pickens, plays a minor role in the second, as do meddling Donna Lee Keely and the fiery redhead, Toinette. Familiarity with the first novel will enhance the reader's enjoyment of the second, but is not essential.

North Gladiola is set in a region that had always been a backwater but now is confronted with giant water slides, with moral and theological relativism, with watered-down religion, with fast-food chain restaurants, with lesbians, Freudian and pop psychology, and unisex hairstyling stations—in short, with modernity. Nowadays, these ugly signs of "progress" can be found in most regions of the United States, even in the backcountry South. And whenever the traditional and the outlandish flourish together side by side, amazing conflicts and incongruities arise, arousing our sense of the uncanny.

Much of the humor of *North Gladiola* derives from the frequent and absurd clash of the old and the new: Duk-Soo, a Korean existentialist, loves Mrs. Coco, once a Baptist but now an old-fashioned Catholic married to a nominally Catholic Italian. Her husband advocates the power of positive thinking and annoys his son by subjecting him to various of the 29 *Ways to Have Wholesome Fun With Your Son*, an inane self-help book for unimaginative fathers. The son marries a bisexual who once won first prize in a Miss Housing Development beauty contest. At another beauty contest, she places second and is awarded two free lube jobs at the Tula Springs body shop. Father Fua, an old Samoan priest, blesses mobile homes and presides over Our Lady of the Flowers, where the old statuary has been "replaced by twelve modest Stations of the Cross, semiabstract aluminum modules with Pac-Man-like Roman soldiers." On Mrs. Coco's bookshelf, the Douay Bible sits beside Teilhard de Chardin's *The Phenomenon of Man*, and out in the country sheep graze next to satellite dishes.

Weaving her way between these hilarious juxtapositions is Ethyl Mae Coco, whose crisis of faith and her eventual discovery of a Christian resolution provide the serious center for a comic novel. Once out of touch with herself, her faith, her family, and her community, Mrs. Coco finally finds herself through humility and love. Brought to realize that pride and anger

LIBERAL ARTS

Humble Pie à la Mode

In a speech given recently at Georgetown University, Supreme Court Justice William Brennan described the constitutional views of Attorney General Meese as "arrogance cloaked as humility." You see, Meese is arrogant because he thinks interpreters of the Constitution should take the views of the framers into consideration, while Brennan is humble because for 29 years (it seems even longer) he has been reading into the Constitution any meaning that suits his own peculiar point of view. Brennan is even humble enough to support every measure that increases the power of his Court over the private lives of Americans. Rumor has it that in his next speech Brennan will explain why freedom is slavery. cc

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had prompted her charitable acts, that pharisaism had been the cloak for sin, she learns the practice of religion as a joyful love as well as a duty.

Both *Modern Baptists* and *North Gladiola* focus on characters whose sinful pride is painfully shattered. Humbled by circumstance, Mr. Pickens and Mrs. Coco grow to accept and love people they once thought utterly detestable. Indeed, many of the characters in both novels *are* detestable. All are flawed in one way or another; all are related to Adam. James Wilcox seems to be familiar with the salty theology of his fellow Southerner, William Campbell. A Baptist preacher from Mississippi and author of *Brother to a Dragonfly*, Campbell sums up the Christian message in eight words: "We're all bastards but God loves us anyway." All of Wilcox's small-town Louisianians *are* bastards, but he loves them anyway. And so will all but the most puritanical readers. Those who respond to the themes running through the stories and sketches of Nathaniel Hawthorne and who can appreciate the irony, absurdity, and grotesqueness found in Flannery O'Connor's fiction will find enjoyable reading in Wilcox. ∞

Michael Jordan is a graduate student at the University of Georgia.

Defending the High Frontier

by Herbert London

Robert Jastrow: *How to Make Nuclear Weapons Obsolete*; Little, Brown; Boston; $15.95.

For some time now, many have accepted the logic of nuclear defense. The strategic and moral superiority of a system that relies on killing weapons instead of people seems—on the face of it—undeniable. By suggesting we build such a defense, President Reagan altered the nuclear calculus in which our civilian population is currently held hostage to the whims of our enemy. Yet we have been told time and again by representatives from the Union for Concerned Scientists that faith in strategic defense systems is scientifically indefensible. Either, it is argued, our inventiveness is insufficient to deal with the complications of tracking and destroying a bullet in space traveling at 16,000 miles per hour, or Soviet countermeasures will make any defense futile. But Robert Jastrow's latest book lays to rest scientific arguments against the strategic defense initiative. Meanwhile, the Union for Concerned Scientists can hope for another Three Mile Island.

Prepared in the form of a legal brief, Jastrow's book refutes each of the arguments marshaled against the so-called Star Wars Defense. For those who argue that a defense can be neutralized by "shining" a missile, or spinning it, or coating it or launching it with a fast-burn booster, Professor Jastrow demonstrates why each of these tactics entails significant drawbacks. To the argument that an offense can overwhelm a defense, Jastrow counters with an analysis showing that the Soviets would have to invest the impossible sum of $2 trillion to maintain their present offensive capability after a defensive system with an 80 percent kill ratio was in place.

Readers bewildered by the exotic array of proposed technologies will be glad for the lucid explanations of the most promising lines of development. It will come as a surprise to many that off-the-shelf technology can be deployed at this very moment to provide an adequate degree of protection against

Three Outstanding New Books

THE RATZINGER REPORT
An Exclusive Interview On the State of the Church
Joseph Cardinal Ratzinger with Vittorio Messori
In this controversial, highly publicized interview, Cardinal Ratzinger speaks candidly and forcefully about the state of the Church in the post-Vatican II era. Ratzinger's forthright, measured criticism of certain forms of liberation theology, and his removal of the imprimatur from two widely read books in the U.S., are well known. In this extensive, wide-ranging interview, Cardinal Ratzinger addresses a variety of critical issues in the Church, making clear what he thinks the problems are—and their solutions.

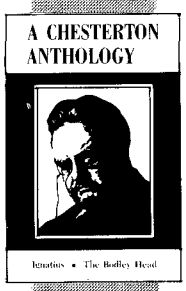
"It must be clearly stated that a real reform of the Church presupposes an unequivocal turning away from the erroneous paths whose catastrophic consequences are already incontestable". — Joseph Cardinal Ratzinger

Sewn soft-cover, $9.95

A CHESTERTON ANTHOLOGY
Edited by P. J. Kavanagh
G. K. Chesterton is one of the most widely quoted 20th century writers. His influence has been enormous, and this volume spearheads the great revival of interest in Chesterton's works. This substantial work shows the many sides of Chesterton's mind. We are given a wide variety of highly readable and enjoyable selections from his novels, essays, poetry, and apologetics. The best summary of Chesterton available.

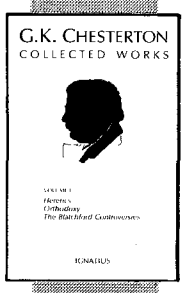
"This deserves to become the standard introduction to Chesterton." — *London Times*

Sewn hardcover, $16.95



COLLECTED WORKS OF G. K. CHESTERTON
Vol. I: Orthodoxy, Heretics, Blatchford Controversies
This first volume of Chesterton's writings contains three of his most influential and engaging works.
"Chesterton's writings are so rich in good sense, in wit, and in plain, profound and cheerful truth that almost every page deserves a review to itself."— *The Spectator*

Sewn soft-cover, $12.95; Sewn Hardcover, $17.95



ignatius press **Box 18990 San Francisco, CA 94118**

COPIES TITLE AMOUNT

Name
Street
City **State** **Zip** R

Please include $1.50 for postage and handling. (California residents please add 6½% sales tax.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a Soviet first strike. As a primer on nuclear defense, Jastrow's book deserves to be widely read—perhaps even by members of the Reagan Administration, who have not yet made an adequate case for SDI research and deployment.

For two generations obliged to live with the Damoclean sword of nuclear weapons, it seems incredible that a protective shield can now be erected in the sky. Even if the proposed defense system is imperfect, it is better than none at all, since a system that presents the Soviets with an unclear scenario about its counterforce strikes enhances the credibility of our deterrent. For Jastrow, the more fundamental consideration is that the new defense would actually protect lives rather than merely threaten massive retaliation.

Some groups who oppose SDI will not be easy to persuade. Some military officers whose careers are tied to missile deployment and procurement may be reluctant to support the new effort. And of course, many on the left will lament that a thousand schools could be built for the cost of a single satellite in a defensive shield. But the protection from nuclear fury offered by the new initiative is exactly what average people want. Their votes and Jastrow's book may help us take a giant step towards a sensible national policy on nuclear weapons. cc

Herbert London is dean of the Gallatin Division of New York University.

IN FOCUS

A Saint Seduced

by E. Christian Kopff

James Bentley: *Martin Niemöller*; The Free Press; New York.

Rarely has any important figure in the history of Christianity been as ignorant of theology as Martin Niemöller. Even his friend and political ally Karl Barth commented on the fact. It was Niemöller's single-minded courage and patriotism that made him important. In the Great War he was a U-boat commander. Disgusted with what he viewed as Germany's betrayal, he became a Protestant minister. Although he voted for Hitler, he soon found that the National Socialist Party wanted to make the Church into a mere extension of itself, and this he denounced. He spent the war years in a concentration camp. The decades after World War II he devoted to trying to get Germany accepted again by other nations as an equal, working especially through the World Council of Churches. In all this he acted as a loyal German. He had even volunteered for active service when war broke out in 1939. He detested Adenauer as a liberal out of touch with Germany's real traditions and as a Catholic who would not work for a German reunification that might threaten Christian Democratic (Catholic) rule. (Americans do not appreciate how many Germans vote Socialist because it is perceived as the Protestant party.)

But before his death in March 1984, Niemöller had spent the last two decades of his life as a loyal worker in the Marxist-Leninist opinion factory, dutifully punching his time card in at Hanoi, or Moscow, or wherever else he was told to go. James Bentley's clear and sympathetic biography does something to unravel the tangled skeins of this mysterious change. Until the end of World War II, the story is told with exemplary clarity, profiting from Niemöller's own autobiography, *From U-Boat to Pulpit*, and many years of interviews with Niemöller. The chronological clarity breaks down after the war, though. During the account of Niemöller's last two decades, Bentley regularly interpolates stories, remarks, and letters from the 15 years directly following the war. Bentley does present the facts, however, although on occasion he confuses the issues, e.g., by putting the Lenin Peace Prize on the same level and in the same sentence as an honorary doctorate from NYU.

In 1962 Niemöller's beloved wife died. In 1964 he went on a World Council of Churches' trip to Russia, where he was seduced by his "interpreter." From that time forth, Niemöller never wavered in his loyalty to international Communism. Bentley does not have a single public statement after 1964 in which Niemöller refers to Christ. This seems to be no accident.

This is a clear and moving story. That the biographer should have tried to cover up the sorry story of his subject's last years is understandable, but in so doing he has obscured the tragedy of Niemöller's life, the tragedy of a great man whose faith failed. cc

E. Christian Kopff is professor of classics at the University of Colorado and an editor of Classical Journal.

A Hero for Our Times?

by Carl C. Curtis

Philip Ziegler: *Mountbatten: A Biography*; Knopf; New York; $24.95.

Lord Louis Mountbatten died in 1979, a victim of IRA assassins. Since then, no fewer than three biographies on the man have appeared (if one includes *The Life and Times of Lord Mountbatten*, the book on Mountbatten's self-orchestrated television documentary, shown in this country as *Mountbatten: A Man for the Century*). The latest, by Philip Ziegler, is easily the most ambitious. Making use of Mountbatten's personal archives at Broadlands, Ziegler has produced a lengthy volume on his subject; and, he tells us, he could have written a book of "two, three, or even four volumes." We can be glad he did not. The book suffers from Ziegler's inability to sum up events succinctly, not to mention understand them. After 700 pages, the reader is apt to feel about *Mountbatten* as Dr. Johnson did about *Paradise Lost*: he would not wish it longer. Still, Ziegler is minutely informative, if not brilliant, which is about as much as one can expect from an official biographer.

As for Mountbatten himself (or "Dickie," as he preferred), he was colorful. Born His Serene Highness Prince Louis of Battenberg, great-grandson of Queen Victoria, and nephew to the Tsar, Mountbatten could hardly avoid fame. By temperament he did not want to. Following in the footsteps of his father and brother, he pursued a career in the Royal Navy, a glamorous calling in itself. As a cadet, and later as a junior officer, Dickie was envied for his royal connections and suspected of rising because of them. Those who did not fall prey to his natural friendliness and charm thought him arrogant. Yet he quickly made a reputation as a hard worker, even a perfectionist. During the peaceful early and middle 30's, his crews won trophy after trophy in various field contests—water polo, cricket, gunnery. He was determined that his ship would be the best, and often it was.

In his personal life, he was a celebrity. His marriage to Edwina Ashley in 1922 (hailed as the "marriage of the century") was followed by a honeymoon that lasted six months and included visits with Charlie Chaplin and the Fairbankses. It seemed a perfect match. Yet Edwina was not the type to give Mountbatten the loyalty and quiet

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

domesticity he craved. She was in many ways a remarkable woman. Among her efforts at public service was her postwar work in restoring the broken morale of the prisoners of war in Southeast Asia. But for all that, she was something of a vamp.

Like the upper-class girls that Evelyn Waugh satirized so well, Edwina delighted in forbidden, scandalous pursuits. For Edwina these were adultery and leftism. Her notorious promiscuity, Ziegler implies, might have been exaggerated: although she had at least one prolonged affair, her rumored fling with Paul Robeson was no more than a rumor, and the celebrated affair with Nehru was, Ziegler insists, platonic. Still, Edwina was clearly ill-suited for the role of wife to a British naval officer. The leftism that she inherited as a family tradition, she took to new extremes: she became intoxicated with the radicalism of the 20's and by the early 30's was in the caravan of pilgrims to Moscow to see the future that worked. Even in later years, she never renounced this foolishness, and her husband never objected.

When war came, Mountbatten took command of the *H.M.S. Kelly*, determined to repeat the successes he had enjoyed in peacetime. He was to be sadly disappointed. As a captain, Dickie all but became the laughingstock of the fleet, nearly sinking his ship three times in 57 days. One may think no sailor would want such an accident-prone captain, but the crew of the *Kelly* remained obstinately loyal, a testimony to Mountbatten's charisma. Yet, Ziegler admits, he was an irresponsible captain. He liked to race his boat through the ocean for no reason, the same way teenagers, or more to the point, playboys, like to race cars. Upon finally reaching the Mediterranean, Dickie and his crew were sunk by German dive-bombers. Noel Coward made the disaster look wonderfully heroic in his film *In Which We Serve*, but he could not cover up the real loss. Before Mountbatten could take command of another ship, Churchill yanked him out and put him in control of Combined Operations. To Mountbatten's protests he replied bluntly, "The best thing you can hope to do . . . [at sea] is to repeat your last achievement and get yourself sunk." The Prime Minister may have liked Dickie's energy and dash, but he was no fool.

Heading up Combined Operations, Mountbatten put his energy and foresight to good use. Like Churchill, he saw that the methods of war needed rethinking and that change must come in part through the cooperation of the very independent and jealous services. He succeeded well enough to stage a series of minor raids in anticipation of a much larger combined operation, the invasion of Europe. His one big failure was Dieppe, for which he was largely but, according to Ziegler, unjustly blamed. On balance, however, Churchill was impressed, and when time came to pick a Supreme Commander in Southeast Asia, Dickie was his man.

For many months British forces in India had been floundering; the loss of Singapore had crushed their spirit, sending them reeling back. Mountbatten quickly identified the immediate problems, his "three m's" (malaria, monsoon, and morale), and set to work overcoming them. Within months the sick list had shrunk to a fraction of its former size, and the British had won badly needed victories by fighting through the monsoon season. From early 1945 on, the Japanese steadily

FROM TRANSACTION BOOKS

International Studies

ETHICS AND INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS
ETHICS IN FOREIGN POLICY, VOLUME TWO
Kenneth W. Thompson, editor

This is the second volume in a series of interdisciplinary essays on morality and foreign affairs. It treats such questions as: What are the principles on which foreign policy may be based? What is the relationship between moral standards in the United States and U.S. policy? Where does moral responsibility rest in matters of foreign policy?

ISBN: 0-88738-610-5 (paper) **1985** **160 pp.** **$12.95**

PEACE AND WAR
CROSS-CULTURAL PERSPECTIVES
Robert A. Rubinstein and Mary LeCron Foster, editors

Is war necessary? In *Peace and War* prominent anthropologists and other social scientists explore the cultural and social factors leading to war.

ISBN: 0-88738-069-7 (cloth) **$29.95**
ISBN: 0-88738-619-9 (paper) **1985** **260 pp.** **$16.95**

EUROPEAN PEACE MOVEMENTS AND THE FUTURE OF THE WESTERN ALLIANCE
Walter Laqueur and Robert Hunter, editors

This extraordinary compendium concerns the future of the Western alliance and the development of the peace movements in Europe and in the United States.

ISBN: 0-88738-035-2 (cloth) **1985** **385 pp.** **$34.95**

THE NONPROLIFERATION PREDICAMENT
Joseph F. Pilat, editor

The Nonproliferation Predicament is an authoritative and comprehensive look at U.S. nonproliferation policy. Top U.S. scholars, analysts, and policymakers focus on the period since the Reagan administration took office and address questions about the current state of nuclear proliferation.

ISBN: 0-88738-047-6 (cloth) **1985** **150 pp.** **$19.95**

AFGHAN ALTERNATIVES
ISSUES, OPTIONS, AND POLICIES
Ralph Magnus, editor

In *Afghan Alternatives*, scholars and officials illuminate the issues, present policy options, and offer wide-ranging and provocative solutions to the Afghan conflict, which they all view as a dangerous and illegitimate use of force by the Soviet Union.

ISBN: 0-88738-050-6 (cloth) **1985** **400 pp.** **$29.95**

POLAND AFTER SOLIDARITY
SOCIAL MOVEMENTS VERSUS THE STATE
Bronislaw Misztal, editor

In part one, the authors examine the conflict between social movements and the state in Poland: the history of Solidarity, the nature of the political conflict between Solidarity and the Communist state, the institutionalization of the means of control by the party over society, the functioning of civil society, and the mediating role of the Catholic Church.

ISBN: 0-88738-049-2 (cloth) **1985** **168 pp.** **$19.95**

MORAL DIMENSIONS OF AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY
ETHICS IN FOREIGN POLICY, VOLUME ONE

Kenneth W. Thompson, editor

Addressing recurrent themes and unsolved problems in foreign policy, contributors to this volume discern some enduring principles upon which peace with justice might be built. They offer policy prescriptions that address circumstances and contingencies that challenge the future. They also make important distinctions between realism and idealism, prudential behavior and practical morality, power and force; elaborate upon conflicting views of international cooperation and development, national interest and interdependence, and differing concepts of political morality.

Kenneth W. Thompson is Commonwealth Professor of Government and Foreign Affairs, University of Virginia, and director of the White Burkett Miller Center of Public Affairs. He is the author of *Cold War Theories*.

ISBN: 0-87855-967-1 (paper) **$9.95**
1984 **435 pp.**

Order from your bookstore or prepaid from:

Transaction Books
Dept. NFI 2
Rutgers—The State University
New Brunswick, N.J. 08903

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

retreated, leaving Rangoon for the British to take without firing a shot. Although it would not be correct to credit Mountbatten alone with these accomplishments (air power and the maneuvers of General Slim did as much), he played a vital part in the victory.

After the surrender of Japan, Mountbatten entered the busiest phase of his career. Being busy, however, is not always good, as Jimmy Carter was to prove years later to the American people. The comparison of Carter and Mountbatten is apt. In a string of important governmental and military appointments ranging from viceroy of India to Chief of the Defense Staff, Mountbatten contributed to the dismantling of the European colonial empires in Southeast Asia. A human-rights man, he spent his last months as Supreme Commander forging settlements between the colonials and the natives in Dutch, French, and British holdings, settlements that stopped short of granting the colonies independence but weakened the governors just enough to leave them vulnerable. As viceroy of India he was more an executor than a formulator of the policy of withdrawal. But it was a policy he endorsed. During the Suez Crisis, as First Sea Lord, he contributed as much as anyone to British vacillation (to him, Nasser was morally right). And on Western policy toward the Soviets, he remained a proponent of the great liberal delusion, containment. It is little wonder that in his last months he spoke for "controlled reduction" of nuclear arms.

In spite of his blunders, Mountbatten emerges from this biography a likable man. He was an inspiring leader, handsome, friendly, courageous, and dauntless, who, in Ziegler's words, "flared brilliantly across the face of the twentieth century." Brilliant he was in manner and style, much like John Kennedy. But brilliance of that variety does not alone make great statesmen. Mountbatten lacked an understanding of the central fact of 20th-century politics, the marriage of ideology and power that threatens the existence of the West. That deficiency insured his naiveté in political affairs. He was born a prominent member of the greatest empire in the world; he lived to see that empire destroyed, partly due to his influence. In that respect, Mountbatten was not so much a man for the century as a man of the century; not so much what it needed as what it too frequently and sadly got. cc

Carl Curtis is assistant professor of English at Liberty University.

Money and Mammon

by Herbert Schlossberg

Jacques Ellul: *Money and Power*; InterVarsity Press; Downers Grove, IL; $5.95.

Christian moral thinking has always had to harmonize with New Testament texts such as "the love of money is the root of all evils," and "blessed are the poor." At the same time, Christian morality is incompatible with the kind of spirituality that decries the material world and all that pertains to it as either not quite real (Platonism) or morally inferior (Manichaeanism). In the responses to this tension, it sometimes seems that money questions are the root of all folly.

Most of the published work on this issue nowadays impales itself on one horn or the other of this dilemma. On the one hand, the grinning faces of the Mammon society assure us that God wants us to be prosperous and that prosperity therefore carries with it the mark of divine favor. Consequently, we should join the strivers of society and enjoy our big bucks and their attendant perks. On the other hand, we're told that God favors the poor, that if we're not poor we're rich and therefore *ipso facto* contributors to the misery of the oppressed. We have here the tawdry remnants of a degenerate Calvinism confronting the tawdry remnants of a degenerate Anabaptism. We have also the implicit convictions of a multitude of those who mistakenly think they are emancipated from all theological positions.

Who better to cut through the fog, we might think, than Jacques Ellul, former resistance fighter against the Vichy government in World War II, retired professor of law and social institutions in the University of Bordeaux, and author of some 40 books, including such triumphs of prophetic insight and plain good sense as *The Betrayal of the West* and *The New Demons*. But wait; he's also the author of *The Technological Society*, a massive Luddite tract decrying the prevalence of technology in modern life. Is that book to be the perspective informing his investigation of the moral implications of the use of money? Alas, yes.

Ellul's treatise on technology concluded that we're unable to use it responsibly because its very presence changes our environment in such a way as to make it impossible to behave as human beings ought. Using machines to accomplish tasks, we're captured by the ethos of *technique* and thereby sacrifice uniquely human considerations on the altar of efficiency. There is in this analysis no consideration of how we might use technical means more responsibly; that is out of the question. Ellul's position in the present volume, a freshly translated version of the work originally published in French in 1954 and revised in 1979, is of the same order. Money, which he artificially separates from essentially economic goods and processes, is necessarily corrupting in its influence, and therefore to speculate on its responsible use is a waste of time. The only way to avoid the evil of Mammon-worship is to desacralize money, and the way to do that is to give it away.

Thus the *temptation* to allow money to become a god is for Ellul the *certainty* that one will do so if one keeps it. This means that savings are impermissible. All economic transactions are tinged with evil because they necessarily subordinate either buyer or seller, employee or employer. Profit, it goes without saying, cannot be countenanced. For one who has this point of view, Mammon is not only the deification of material wealth but also its very use. We can only flee in horror from it, give it away, wash our hands of it.

Although Ellul is critical of Manichaeanism and the false spirituality of scorning money, his own work leads the credulous reader to those positions. This suggests the basic trouble with this book, which is also true of the more valuable Ellul efforts: his consciously "dialectical" approach continually falls into contradictory statements. Indeed, Ellul could point to passages in *Money and Power* that seem to refute almost every assertion made in this review. David Gill's foreword excuses this tendency too gently by saying that "Ellul has never been one to place a high priority on systematic neatness and the resolution of all ambiguity."

The tragedy in this and all quasi-Manichaean explanations of wealth is that it provides no guidance for the responsible use of money and possessions. It makes impossible the biblical

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

idea of *stewardship* even when it makes liberal use of the word. In ascribing such vast powers to the bare possession of money, it paradoxically takes from it one characteristic that is crucial to our understanding: its power to do good as we use it responsibly. In repudiating the mad pursuit of wealth, Ellul offers no plausible alternative. cc

Herbert Schlossberg is the author of Idols for Destruction *(Thomas Nelson Publishers).*

Crumpets and Crotchets

by Dennis R. Perry

Miss Read: *Affairs at Thrush Green*; Houghton Mifflin; Boston.

The reader knows from the outset of Miss Read's 30th anachronistic novel of village gossip that the "affairs" at Thrush Green are not of the illicit variety. This latest amble into the not-so-lively lives of the middle-aged people last encountered in Read's *Gossip From Thrush Green* (1981) presents a world dominated by old-fashioned simplicity and innocence. In a world drawn with the aid of lilac-colored glasses, where crankiness and pettiness are the major foibles, many of the characters in the novel suggest the life and originality of the gift-book illustrations that decorate its pages. But granting the book these mostly intentional and traditionally comic limitations, her fans will encounter delightfully familiar characters whose uneventful lives are sketched with enough wit and insight to leave them breathless for the latest gossip.

The book's moral center is the humble and kindly Reverend Charles Henstock and his wife Dimity, who have recently replaced the Anthony Bulls as stewards of the four neighboring parishes that include Thrush Green. The preoccupations and predicaments of Charles's parishioners are various. Ella Bembridge, former housemate of Dimity Henstock, devotes herself to cigarette-rolling and local gossip. The school marms, Misses Fogerty and Watson, dream of a beach retirement but are frustrated by their indispensability to the school. The rich and bossy widow, Mrs. Thurgood, fights with Charles over the repairing of the church's worn kneelers (the book's major crisis). Kit Armitage, a recently retired military man and former village heartthrob, returns to rekindle an old flame and spark a new one. And Albert Piggott, the crotchety sexton, so spends himself in complaints that he drives his wife Nellie to another man. The lives of several minor characters are also illumined through harmless town gossip or are helped by Charles in one way or another to regain their humanity, humility, or faith. For the most part, all of these characters are predictable types who say very little that is unexpected. Their epiphanies are based on clichés and their "development" by Read stumbles along a thin line between a genuine warmth and a slightly tattered sentimentality.

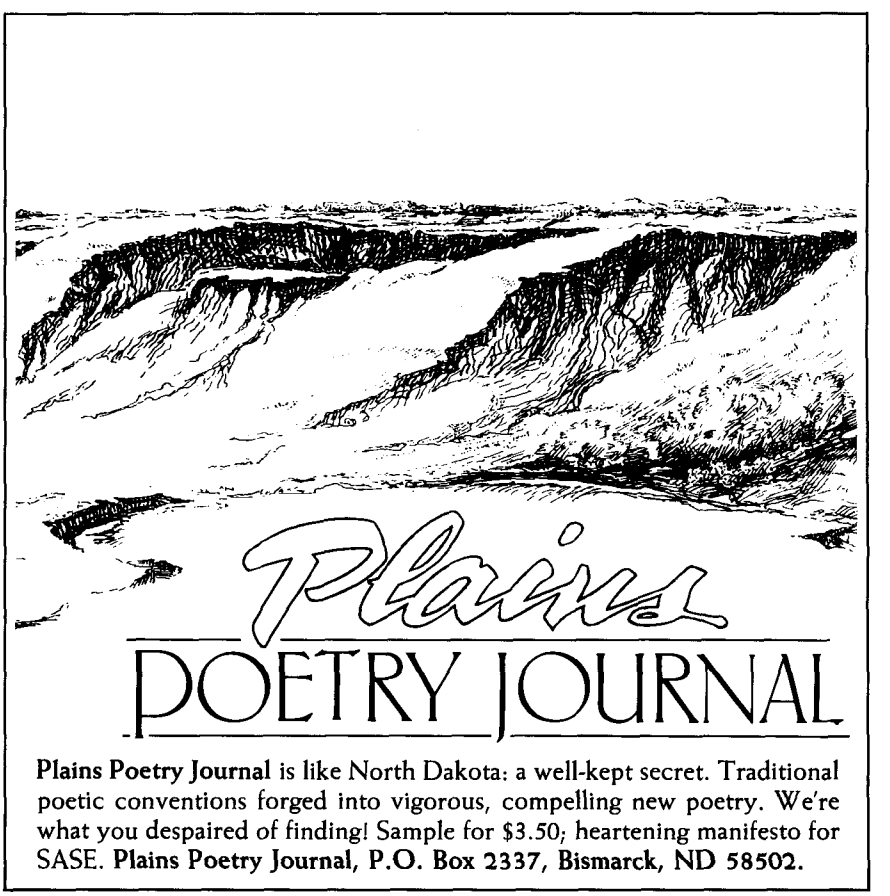
What preserves the book's measure of genuine warmth is its often unexpected subtlety, evident in both its understated prose and sly wit. On one occasion, during a conversation with Mrs. Thurgood and her daughter, the old-fashioned Henstock has a run-in with women's liberation:

> "I don't intend to discuss the matter now in this holy place," Charles pointed out, "but if you and Miss Thurgood—"
> "Mizz," broke in Janet. "I prefer to be known as Mizz, spelled M and S."
> "I beg your pardon?"
> "Capital M, small S," explained Janet.
> "Oh!" said the rector, now enlightened, "like '*manuscript*'."
> "Not in the least like '*manuscript*'," exclaimed Mrs. Thurgood. "But to get back to the point."

Read's subtlety allows her to sum up a minor crisis in a few well-chosen details, such as the number of times a nervous caller lets the phone ring.

The reader might be tempted to compare small-town life at Thrush Green to that at Grover's Corners. Like Wilder, Read presents the everyday events and conversation that make up an average life. Unlike Wilder, Read is unable or unwilling to give these experiences a meaning beyond themselves. Lacking a Wilder's aesthetic distance, Read's authorial voice seems too close to the characters she creates, too sympathetic to a point of view perhaps better experienced at the tea table than in a novel. cc

Dennis R. Perry is a doctoral candidate in American literature at the University of Wisconsin.



Plains Poetry Journal is like North Dakota: a well-kept secret. Traditional poetic conventions forged into vigorous, compelling new poetry. We're what you despaired of finding! Sample for $3.50; heartening manifesto for SASE. **Plains Poetry Journal, P.O. Box 2337, Bismarck, ND 58502.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Truest Polyartist

by Richard Kostelanetz

Krisztina Passuth: *Moholy-Nagy*; Thames & Hudson; New York; $40.00.

It need hardly be said again that László Moholy-Nagy was one of Modernism's primary figures, whose art, writing, and life remain for many a continuing inspiration. He was a polyartist, a true polyartist, who made consequential contributions to the traditions of several nonadjacent arts—painting, book design, artistic machinery, and photography—amidst lesser achievements in film, theater design, commercial design, and sculpture. He proceeded through modern arts with admirable abandon, producing first-rate work in arts he was not trained to do. What is special about him is the incomparable range of his achievements.

Given the breadth of his creative experience, complemented by his artistic intelligence, it is scarcely surprising that his *Vision in Motion* (Chicago, 1946) remains one of the most fertile critical treatments of modernism in the arts. Even after a dozen readings, it reveals new insights to me. Its concluding chapter, on "Literature," remains, no less than two generations later, the best introductory survey to the extreme avant-garde traditions (literary intermedia) as we currently know them. Since he died nearly 40 years ago, the time would seem right for a critical biography updating the memoir *Experiment in Totality* (1948), done by his widow Sibyl.

One practical problem is that few scholars have sufficient knowledge, critical intelligence, and conceptual language to deal with his polyartistic achievement. A second problem is that Moholy-Nagy was born in Hungary; and since Hungarian cannot be learned (apparently)—it can only be inherited—the project had to wait for a Hungarian scholar familiar with artistic modernism, Krisztina Passuth.

Opening at random her new *Moholy-Nagy*, I came across this exercise in Marxist double-talk and feared for the rest:

> The Gabo-Pevsner manifesto of 1920 was born in the afterglow of revolution [sic lower case]. But Moholy-Nagy had to live with the knowledge of a defeated revolution [in Hungary], one in which, moreover, he played no role at all [sic sic sic]. He adopted the ideas of Constructivism without the necessary basis of a social-political background. [So?] Although he was regarded as a representative of Constructivism, he himself did not look for any contact with the Soviet Union and, unlike other Hungarian emigres [in Western Europe], he never visited there. The new ideas he professed are indeed lacking in roots.

The party-line reasoning is depressingly familiar.

Fortunately, most of Passuth's *Moholy-Nagy* is better than this, though often incomplete. Fluently Englished (by several hands), her book has the fullest description of Moholy's childhood that I have yet read, though avoiding the questions of whether his parents with Jewish names were indeed Jewish and of this orphan's actual relation to his two "brothers." She refers to the short stories written in Hungarian, but alas does not quote from them. Given the breadth of Moholy-Nagy's activity, it is scarcely surprising that Passuth's appreciation of it is uneven. She speaks well of him as the editor of the Bauhaus books, the first great series on artistic modernism, but then says little about his influential innovations in book design for that series! Passuth reprints several Moholy manifestos (reminders that few artists ever wrote so well, and truly, about their own work); yet as several of these had already appeared in books about Moholy before (including mine), it would have been wiser to reprint other writings of his that had not.

The supreme achievement of Passuth's *Moholy-Nagy* is its collection of reproductions—the largest I have ever seen—of paintings, sculptures, book designs, stage designs, costume designs, and even the Parker 51 pen, which remains perhaps the most-collected work by any major modern artist. Nonetheless, the principal fault of the book is a reluctance to follow Moholy's example in design. Whereas the illustrations in his *Vision in Motion* appear adjacent to references to them in the text, her pictures are gathered together in separate folios, connected only to the text through numbered references. Since flipping the book's large pages can be so cumbersome, most of us are likely to "read" the text and pictures separately.

Sometimes Passuth's commentary rises to meet the originality and adventure of Moholy's best innovations:

> It is clear that as early as 1920 Moholy-Nagy was already captivated by the industrial civilization of Berlin. Paintings and photographs conveyed this only indirectly, but film could express all the tense animation. Since he was unable to make a film in 1921-22 in Berlin, he chose a roundabout route by creating a new genre with his *Dynamic of the Metropolis, Sketch of a Manuscript for a Film*. This genre, which he called "typophoto" and which we might call a scenario, was the unique result of Moholy-Nagy's dual bent for literature and painting. . . . Real photographs alternated with parts of the text, and the page make-up with its columns showed the influence of El Lissitzky and Hans Arp's *Kunstismen*. The idea of the film—in written form only—most resembles the earlier film experiments of Viking Eggeling and Hans Richter. Their rectangular frames of film arranged vertically show a series of almost unvarying abstract forms. Their works primarily belong to the field of fine arts. On the other hand, by lengthening and condensing individual moments, and by introducing unexpected cuts and changes, Moholy-Nagy created a film on paper—if this is possible at all—in pictures and text.

As a combination of appreciation for the visual and the verbal, along with a sense of historical context, this is just perfect.

One reason why this *Moholy-Nagy* is not definitive is that Passuth only partially confronts the two toughest questions about his career—collaboration and plagiarism. Since Moholy's education was only in law, he was necessarily dependent upon the contributions of others. Aside from suggesting that his first wife Lucia Moholy did the darkroom work for his best photography, Passuth avoids the knotty problem of identifying consequential collaborators and reapportioning credit. As for plagiarism, the thought appears not to have occurred to Passuth, even though it was a charge frequently made by his contemporaries. I tended to regard the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

charge skeptically, thinking it alloyed with envy, until I saw in Eberhard Roters' recent *Berlin, 1910-1933* (Rozzoli, 1982) a 1929 Moholy backdrop stage design that scandalously resembles Paul Citroen's classic photomontage of *The Metropolis* (1922). What compounds this scandal is the fact that Citroen had been Moholy's student at the Bauhaus only a few years before!

But as a comprehensive treatment of Moholy-Nagy's work, Passuth's book surpasses several others on Moholy that have appeared recently, including Eleanor M. Hight's informative catalogue for a film and photographic exhibition currently traveling through America, Andreas Haus's *Moholy-Nagy: Photographs & Photograms* (Pantheon, 1980), and Irene-Charlotte Lusk's *Montagen ins Blaue* (Anabas, 1980) on the photocollages. Partial interpretations, simply by limiting their scope, reduce Moholy to a journeyman, laboring among others similar in kind, rather than an extraordinarily creative figure. Because Moholy's achievement transcends the pigeonholes of American scholarship (and, worse yet, of our narrow-minded scholarship-support), perhaps it is not so surprising that the best book on him should come from behind the Iron Curtain. In truth, reading *Moholy-Nagy* gave me chills, reminding me of my first discovery of his heroic example and reconfirming my earlier estimate of his continuing importance. ∞

Richard Kostelanetz, editor of a documentary monograph on Moholy-Nagy (1970), is writing a book about polyartistry.

Red-White-and-Blue *Yiddishkeit*

by Scott Edwin Ewing

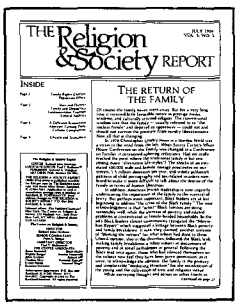
Stephen J. Whitfield: *Voices of Jacob, Hands of Esau: Jews in American Life and Thought*; Archon Books; Hamden, CT; $25.00.

"It is much the point of Judaism that efforts to waken the consciences of others should not prevent Jews from reexamining their own." So writes Stephen Whitfield, a professor of American studies at Brandeis, in this new study of 20th-century American Jewry.

The means Jews have frequently used to arouse and examine the conscience have often been literary. Whitfield considers the place within Judaism of Saul

Introducing **'The Source'**
on the interaction of religion and society...
Richard John Neuhaus's

THE Religion & Society REPORT



The Religion & Society Report is a brand new newsletter from The Rockford Institute's New York Center on Religion & Society.

Its purpose is bold and frankly controversial: to reaffirm religion's role in shaping the culture of our time — and, through the culture, the ways we live together in public and private.

Introductory offer — you save $6

Each monthly issue will deal vigorously and outspokenly with ideas covering the full spectrum of religious conviction and debate — from left to right, from fundamentalist to liberal — and we invite you to subscribe now.

Our introductory offer: subscribe at $18 for one year — and save $6 off the regular $24 subscription price.

You'll get on-the-scene, 'inside' information

The ***Report*** is edited by Richard John Neuhaus, pastor, theologian, author, editor, and one of the most respected figures on the religious scene today. Pastor Neuhaus brings to this newsletter years of leadership in the renewal of religion and society.

Leading off each issue will be a timely analysis, followed by a variety of reports on major issues, events, trends, and personalities in the sphere of religious, ethical, political, and cultural interaction.

You will read on-the-scene (and sometimes behind-the-scenes) accounts of conferences, convocations, and occasional confrontations on the interface of religion and society — giving you the 'inside information' on controversial subjects and developments.

Abortion • The Arms Race • Capital Punishment • Genetic Engineering • Shifting Alliances Between Christians and Jews • Feminism and the Family • The Meanings of Virtue • Euthanasia —

these are just a few of the topics you can expect to find in ***The Religion & Society Report.***

'Special Reports' bonus for subscribers

As an added bonus, you, as a subscriber will receive 'Special Reports' which will place into perspective the range of ideas and arguments on a specific issue — to assist you in making your own informed judgment.

Now being considered for early issues of the ***Report:*** *Can the pro-life movement make inroads into the political left? Can the "religious new right" maintain its impact in presidential politics? Who will come out on top in the ongoing battles over tax-exemption and religious freedom?*

Subscribe to 'the source'

With your help, The Rockford Institute's New York Center on Religion & Society — and ***The Religion & Society Report*** — can play a pivotal part in a great renewal — a renewal that advances both the integrity of religion and the promise of American democracy. You are invited to subscribe to ***The Religion & Society Report*** — the inclusive, timely and vigorously independent 'source' on the interaction of religion and society.

The Religion & Society Report
P.O. Box 800 • Rockford, IL 61105

Send me your freshest issue of ***The Religion & Society Report*** and enroll me as a new subscriber.

☐ $18 enclosed for one year (12 issues) — $6 off the regular $24 price. If I'm not totally satisfied with ***The Religion & Society Report***, I understand that I may cancel my subscription and receive a full refund for any issues not yet mailed.

☐ Bill me.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

TRS851

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bellow, Bernard Malamud, and Philip Roth (a triumvirate once dubbed the "Hart, Schaffner and Marx of Jewish Letters" by Bellow); Gertrude Stein, Susan Sontag, Chaim Potok, S.J. Perelman, and so on, until such half-Jews as Dorothy Parker and J.D. Salinger are reached. Whitfield seems amused that an American laureate in literature, Isaac Bashevis Singer, should have to have his work translated *into* English. Robert Lowell once remarked that "there wouldn't be any active American culture now without the Jewish element," and Whitfield comes close enough to saying the same thing to annoy some Gentile readers. But in surveying Jewish writers, he does have sufficient sense of perspective to admit "no Faulkner has emerged among them as preeminent, as authoritative enough to generate the anxiety of influence."

Although Whitfield's effort to reexamine the Jewish conscience suffers from a tone that is too often that of the sympathetic insider, he does at times take his brethren to task.

> To be a Jew in America generally has not been difficult. . . . And to have been born in America, especially since midcentury, has meant a certain immunity . . . from the sadness and unrewarded toil that, in so many places and centuries, have seemed natural to life. The future historian . . . might be almost forgiven for hyperbolically concluding that, for many, pain was tennis elbow . . . [and] injustice was going off to college and not getting into a *Jewish* fraternity or sorority.

Clearly, Whitfield has little patience with middle-class Jews who think they lead the rough life in contemporary America.

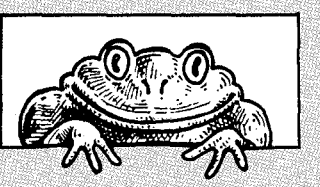
Whitfield contemplates at length the traditional devotion of Jews to liberal causes and leftist politics. He notes, for instance, that Jewish fervor for the New Deal was such that Jonah J. Goldstein, a Jewish Republican judge, once remarked, "The Jews have three *velten* [worlds], *di velt* [this world], *yene velt* [the next], and Roosevelt." Incredibly, before the ACLU took up the cudgels for the right of Nazis to march through downtown Skokie, Jews comprised nearly half of the ACLU's membership. These facts leave Whitfield puzzled. The commitment of Jews to the left—possibly a response to past European injustices—is in present-day America not only an enigma, but, as Whitfield says, "perhaps even an insult to common sense." Yet at other times Whitfield writes approvingly of what has been called the Jews' "bourgeois humanism": "No other phrase," we are told, "more aptly describes the Jewish struggle to imagine a society in which the right to be equal is secured, without threatening the freedom to be different." Similarly, Whitfield worries that the "relative absence . . . of anti-Semitism, combined with secure location above the poverty level for the majority of Jews, enlarges the danger that an individualist ethos . . . may outstrip awareness of the plight of others." Some readers may wonder why an individualist ethos is necessarily incompatible with a concern for others.

Disraeli believed Jews are conservatives at heart but for now at least Whitfield is correct in observing that most Jews "have found incomprehensible Lord Melbourne's definition of the entire purpose of government: the prevention of crime and the preservation of contracts." Elsewhere Whitfield observes that "conservative moralism is . . . alien to most Jews." He suspects this is because "poverty and lifelong celibacy were never Jewish ideals." In any event, freedom from the Gentile's gentility has spawned an unrivaled number of Jewish comedians: although Jews comprise just 3 percent of the population, they account for more than 80 percent of our nation's funnymen. Nonetheless, "almost all" are minor as comedians go, since their humor is "about as adult as the short-sheeting that is the soul of wit in summer camps." cc

Scott Edwin Ewing writes from Chicago.

LIBERAL ARTS

"Out of the Closet and Into the Woods"



In some parts of the country, "bird-watcher" was one of those euphemisms you use when the preacher comes to dinner—like *hairdresser* or *ambidextrous*. Nature, as they say, imitates art: According to *Mother Jones*, the San Francisco Bay Chapter of the Sierra Club wants to form a group called Gay/Lesbian Sierrans. The G/LS group sponsors several wilderness trips each month and provides members with forest-green T-shirts emblazoned with the motto "GO WILD." Steven Krefting, a leader of the new group, explains that G/LS outings provide "a good way to meet people in a context other than . . . bars." The best news of the Sierra Club in a long time is that they have so far refused to give recognition to G/LS. The "bird-watchers" remain hopeful. "All we want to do," says one member, "is get gay people back in touch with nature." They could start by going straight. cc

Worldly Wise & Heavenly Foolish

by Robert C. Steensma

Shusaku Endo: *Wonderful Fool*; Translated by Francis Mathy; Harper & Row; New York.

Max Frisch: *Bluebeard: A Tale*; Translated by Geoffrey Skelton; Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; San Diego.

Romain Gary: *King Solomon*; Translated by Barbara Wright; Harper & Row; New York.

The most widely known of these three novelists is Romain Gary, who committed suicide in 1980 at the age of 66, perhaps as a result of his disastrous marriage to the American actress and radical, Jean Seaberg, who had taken her own life a year earlier. A Lithuanian emigrant to France, where he played a heroic role in the French air force and the RAF during World War II, Gary published several dozen books between 1944 and 1980. Several of them—*A European Education* (1945), *The Roots of Heaven* (1956), *Lady L.* (1959), and *White Dog* (1970)—placed him among the more popular writers in Europe, although critics were never sure whether to label him a romantic, a cynic, a sentimentalist, or a satirist. In *White Dog*, for example, he could paint a rather bitter picture of American life while at the same time savagely satirizing the Hollywood radicalism through which art pimps for political propaganda.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

King Solomon is Gary's final book and the last of the four he began publishing in the late 1970's under the pseudonym of Emile Ajar in one of the great literary hoaxes of a century when writers seem to have lost their sense of fun. The most delightful irony of the whole affair was the ignorance and arrogance of the critics who pompously announced that the Ajar novels were too good to have been written by Romain Gary.

The title figure is Solomon Rubenstein, an old man of 84 who has made a large fortune as the "King of the Ready-made" trousers and who now uses his riches to help the unfortunate through his S.O.S. Volunteers (a telephone help-line) and various kinds of anonymous gifts and services distributed through the narrator, a cabdriver named Jean. Jean, however, lives by his wits and takes whatever time and opportunity cast his way, including the parched and love-starved body of a frail, pitiful, former dance-hall singer. Guided by neither conscience nor values, Jean is a materialistic self-seeker. Just once he senses something better:

> Hope is the thing that matters most when you're young, and when you're old, too, to be able to think back on it. You can lose everything, both arms, both legs, your sight, your speech, but so long as you still have hope, nothing's lost, you can carry on.

But *King Solomon* isn't very satisfying; the plot is thin, the characters anemic, and the theme unfocused. The book is the work of an aging and dispirited man whose triumphs are behind him and whose despair has skewed his artistic vision.

Max Frisch is another writer who explores the fashionable world-weariness. Now in his 70's, he continues to write about the problems of personal identity and how people are influenced by each other and events as reflected in racial prejudice (particularly anti-Semitism), tyranny, and injustice.

The protagonist of *Bluebeard* is a physician named Felix Schaad, who has been on trial for murdering his sixth wife, a call girl. Although he has been acquitted, his life has fallen apart. Deserted by his former patients, he plays billiards, feeds the swans, walks endlessly, looks at old photographs, and travels to the Far East, but nothing gives him relief from the nagging voices that come back to him from the prosecution and defense counsel, his first five wives, his friends, and his dead parents.

In his morose broodings on good and evil, Schaad seems to be intended as the representative modern man, caught in a universe he hasn't made, cannot understand, and cannot control. The only way out is to attempt suicide, as Schaad does.

Endo's novel, *Wonderful Fool*, was written in the late 1950's and first translated into English in 1974; this edition is a reprint. Considered by many to be Japan's best modern writer, Endo is a Catholic novelist who has repeatedly explored the religious dimensions of human experience. The Wonderful Fool of the title is a homely, awkward, naive young Frenchman named Gaston (nicknamed Gas) Bonaparte, a descendant of Napoleon, who comes to Japan to visit but is quickly drawn to the downtrodden ignored by his hosts and their circle; he befriends a stray mongrel, a prostitute, a fortune-teller, and finally, a dying criminal. At the end he disappears, apparently dead, but as the narrator tells us, "One day he'll come lumbering down again from that far-off azure country to take upon his back once more the sorrow of people like these."

Gaston's love is in strong contrast to the world which, early in the book, reeks of death: "It was not just the smell of the dog, but a smell more universal —a smell that in the present-day world surrounded men everywhere." His death, however, brings the promise of some kind of renewal as his friends watch a bird on the wing: "A lonely egret was flying across the rice fields and gracefully climbing into the blue sky."

The most appealing aspect of *Wonderful Fool* is Endo's strong affirmation of the goodness of life and the worth of spirituality and endurance in a world (in this case, Japan) which has sold itself out to a stark, blatant, and indifferent materialism. Gaston trusts everyone he meets, but for his outreaching love he receives only harassment, threats, ridicule, and death. But his death works a change in one of his Japanese friends, who begins to shed his irresponsibility.

The story is obviously a parable in which Gaston is a Christ-figure. Patently religious novels such as *Wonderful Fool* often receive little attention from critics. Yet a religious perspective offers incalculable advantages to the serious writer. As Flannery O'Connor observed: "The greatest dramas naturally involve the salvation or loss of the soul. Where there is no belief in the soul, there is very little drama." These three novels illustrate O'Connor's point. Endo sees a touch of eternity in every human act, but Gary and Frisch see much less. As one of Gary's characters puts it, "mortality is a kind of cul-de-sac," a dead end from which there is no escape except death or sadness. cc

Robert Steensma is professor of English at the University of Utah.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Devastated Vineyard **by Dieterich von Hildebrand; Roman Catholic Books; P.O. Box 255, Harrison, NY.** A spirited and straightforward critique of "the falsification of the Christian spirit." Hildebrand does not mince words. In this indictment of modernist errors, he does not hesitate to refer to "open battle between Satan and Christ."

The Laws of the Covenant: An Exposition of Exodus 21-23 **by James B. Jordan; Institute for Christian Economics; Tyler, TX; $17.50.** In explaining how to use the Bible as a blueprint for "a Christian Republic, where God's law rules," the staunchly Protestant author assures readers that "Biblical law does not require the execution of those who hold to other religions. Only if they actively promote their anti-Christian views . . . does the Bible teach that action should be taken against them." *Kein Angst*, Jews, Confucianists, Moslems, Deists. . . .

MOVING?

LET US KNOW BEFORE YOU GO.

To assure uninterrupted delivery of *Chronicles of Culture*, please notify us in advance. Send this form with the mailing label from your latest issue of *Chronicles of Culture* to: Subscription Department, *Chronicles of Culture*, P.O. Box 800, Rockford, Illinois 61105.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KIRK·SCHALL·McARTHUR
DALY·SOBRAN·KOLLER

ON

THE CRISES IN EDUCATION

A Special Issue of

Center Journal

$7.95 — Quantity Discounts Available

Center Journal
P.O. Box A
Notre Dame, IN 46556

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ART

The Grandeur of the Getty

by Shehbaz H. Safrani

Main peristyle garden and museum facade. Photograph by Tony O'Keefe, courtesy of the J. Paul Getty Museum.

In its setting, landscaping, architecture, and art collection, the J. Paul Getty Museum is unique in America. Outside and inside, the museum is designed to delight and stimulate visitors, especially those devoted to art, aesthetics, archaeology, and history. Nowhere at the Getty is there a trace of eccentricity. Of course, the Getty epitomizes the power of wealth, but everything is so refined that only leftist cynics will find reasons to complain. What to me is utterly commendable about America and Americans is the pervasive spirit of democracy. Although Mr. Getty amassed extraordinary riches, his museum in Malibu, California, remains a monument to all of mankind. Tycoons less philanthropic than he have hoarded their treasures. Except for the name of the museum, there are no reminders (besides Getty's manifestly excellent taste in art) of whose philanthropy made possible the magnificent Roman villa housing his fabulous art collection.

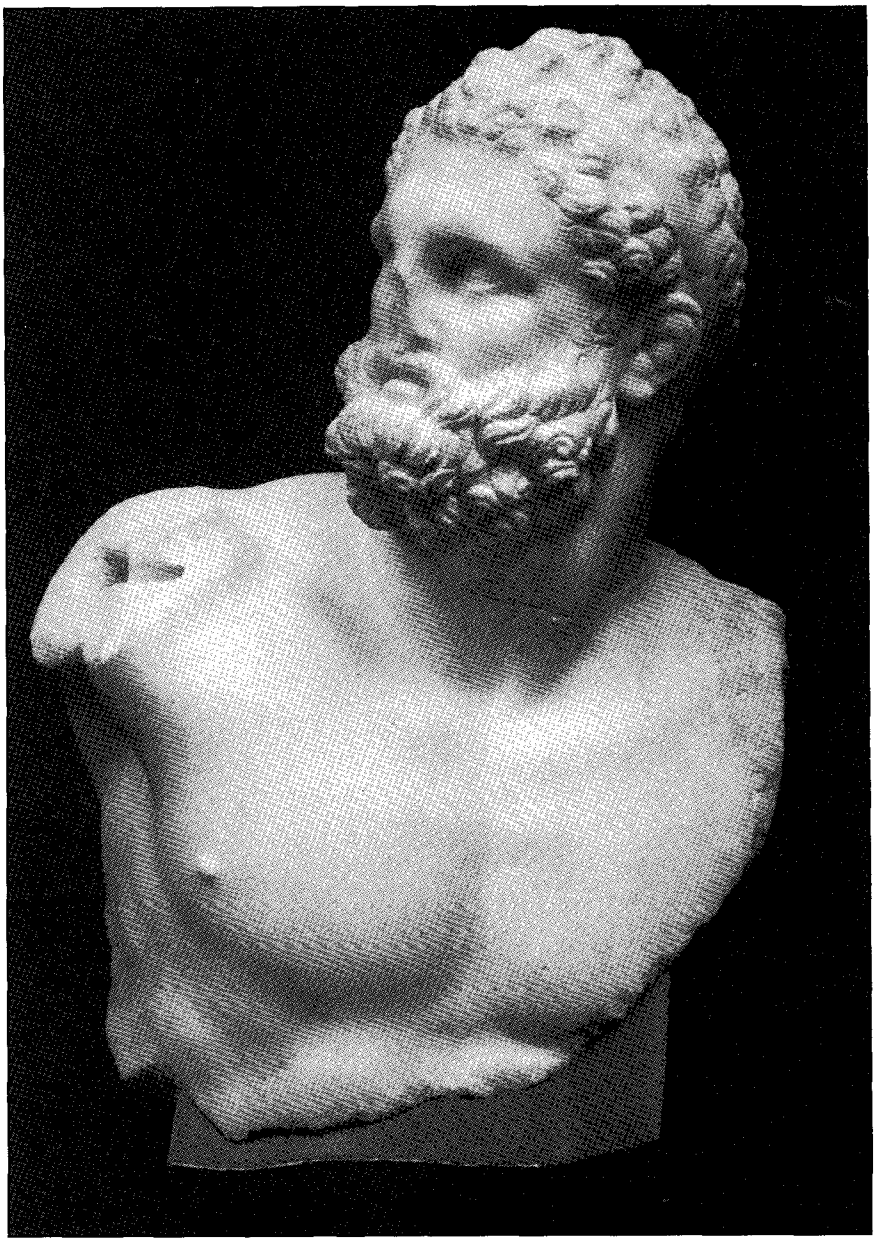
From its location on a hill overlooking the Pacific, the Getty affords visitors a view reminiscent of that enjoyed from the Neapolitan hill San Martino. From San Martino, the view is perhaps the most beautiful in the entire world: to one side is the end of the Appenines, dotted with an occasional Mediterranean pine; Naples stretches below to where the blue of the Mediterranean gently curves in on the land; and there, in the distance, is Vesuvius. This sight from Naples is the epitome of earth, air, water, and fire. Often a wisp of smoke is seen rising from the Vesuvius. From the Roman Empire to our age, all sorts of people—including Keats, Shelley, and Goethe—have paused in and around San Martino to marvel at this feat of nature: *La piu bella veduta*, as it is said in Italian. No wonder that when Neapolitan views of Vesuvius appear at auction, they are snapped up instantly. Those who have marveled at the view from San Martino will have a sense of *déjà vu* while standing at the Getty.

Mr. Getty envisioned such a museum as he trekked all over the Italian Mezzogiorno, the archaeological paradise around Naples that includes Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Stabiae. Born in Minneapolis, Minnesota, in 1892, Getty spent most of his life in Europe, beginning his 30 years of art collecting in the 1930's. From the outset, Mr. Getty focused his attentions upon three spheres of art—Greek and Roman antiquities, Renaissance and Baroque paintings, and French 18th-century decorative arts. In all these areas, the present-day Getty Museum excels. Before his death in England in 1976, he had painstakingly put together a collection that reminds us of the Borghese, Doria-Pamphilj, Farnese, and de Medici collections. Most of these formidable Italian collections of art are housed in Renaissance, Baroque, and Rococo palaces. An infinitely smaller collection of antiquities, also comparable to Getty's, is to be seen in the restored Villa of Tiberius on the isle of Capri, all of it put together by Axel Munthe, the Scandinavian doctor who made a fortune with his book *The Story of San Michele*.

The antiquities at the Getty are staggering. In a reception area, for instance, I counted more than a score of Roman marble heads, all very handsome, on three massive shelves. The Getty Bronze by Lysippus is but one of the masterpieces among the antiquities at the Getty. Also on

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

display as one of Getty's acquisitions is a life-size marble after Skopas, the *Lansdowne Herakles,* commissioned by Emperor Hadrian for his villa near Tivoli, outside Rome. Equally impressive is the collection of 4th century B.C. Attic stelai (funerary monuments) and Greek and Roman portraits.



Marble bust of Herakles. Alexandrian, first century B.C. Hellenistic Greek. Photograph courtesy of the J. Paul Getty Museum.

Given the fact that the Getty still has an annual budget of $92 million, the visitor can only speculate on what additional wonders will arrive in Malibu, California, in the years to come. So far, the consensus of analysts and art experts is that the Getty is prudent about its acquisitions. When a great work of art appears on the market, the Getty makes every reasonable effort to acquire it, as for instance when it recently purchased Andrea Mantegna's *Adoration of Magi* for $10.4 million at an auction at Christie's in London. In its discreet and decidedly unsensational approach to collecting art, the Getty maintains the personal attributes of its eminent founder. For instance, published sources report that the Getty paid more than $50 million for 144 illuminated manuscripts and leaves from the collection of Peter Ludwig, a German millionaire and celebrated art collector. But the Getty will not disclose the exact terms of the transaction.

Getty made the first moves toward making his art collection accessible to the public in the 1950's, when he created an educational trust, administered by a board of trustees. In 1954 the Getty Museum opened for the first time in a Spanish-style house, still in existence, just north of the present museum.

But Americans are second only to the Romans in engineering ambition. The trustees, concurring with Mr. Getty that a new home for the museum was needed, decided to erect a new building modeled after the Villa dei Papiri, an impressive Roman villa in Herculaneum destroyed by the eruption of Vesuvius in A.D. 79. In its heyday, Herculaneum was a fishing village similar to 19th-century Sagamore in Long Island. No more than 5,000 people lived in Herculaneum, most devoted to fishing. But here, the affluent Romans built handsome resorts, and Villa dei Papiri was among them. And so, a patrician villa in Herculaneum, seen in its ruined state, inspired an equally graceful one constructed in Malibu. Sadly, Mr. Getty did not live to see this new museum. Karl Weber, an 18th-century Swiss engineer, made detailed studies of the Villa dei Papiri, and his drawings—completed in the 1750's—give us precise ideas of how the new Getty Museum was conceived. The architectural recreation is so authentic and so perfect in its execution that it is difficult to imagine without making a visit to the museum.

The ambience of the Getty is so authentic that while visiting, I constantly forgot that I was in California, or even the New World. The works of art, as well as their physical surroundings, seemed to transport me somewhere in the Campagna. The main peristyle garden leads to the entrance vestibule. From here, the visitor sees an inner peristyle garden. All around on the main level, the Getty collection of antiquities (considered one of the three most important in the United States) are to be found in spacious but unostentatious galleries. In the west galleries is an atrium; to its south the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

three galleries are the Hall of Aphrodite, Greek masterpieces, and mummy portraits. Attic Memorial Sculpture and Late Classical and Hellenistic Sculpture galleries are to the north.

Just as it is possible to feel inspired by the ancient Grecian and Roman grandeur still manifest in remote ruins —say, the Temple of Concordia in Agrigento, Sicily—so too, the visitor is stirred by the Getty. Walking through the Getty Museum, I kept thinking about Croesus, Winckelmann, Gisella Richter, Sir John Davidson Beazeley, and Mary Renault —in just that order. Getty's fortune, derived from oil, rivaled the fabled wealth of Croesus. The revival of classical studies, spurred by excavations done around Naples, is indelibly linked to the work of Winckelmann, the eminent 18th-century German scholar of Greek painting and sculpture. Among scholars of Greek art, Gisella Richter ranks among the greatest American authorities. No one can seriously discuss Greek pottery without reference to the work of Beazeley. And to find the life of Greek civilization recreated in fiction, 20th-century readers need only pick up any of the last four books of Mary Renault.

The galleries in the north part of the Getty include the Room of Colored Marble, the Etruscan Vestibule, a Basilica, the Temple of Herakles, and finally, the Mosaics. Galleries on the upper level are devoted to Italian Renaissance and Baroque paintings, French 18th-century decorative arts, as well as Flemish and Dutch paintings, manuscripts, period rooms, and one gallery for changing exhibitions.

The museum is flanked on east and west by gardens, visible to the visitor through the numerous windows and the atrium. In pursuit of authenticity, the Getty has gone so far as to procure the type of trees, flowers, shrubs, and herbs that might have been growing 2,000 years ago in the Villa dei Papiri at Herculaneum. I have visited Herculaneum many times: despite the thrill of breathing the very dust of antiquity, this site is today not the most congenial for an average tourist. But the recreation of the site of the Getty Museum affords intense pleasure for those who pause to enjoy the fragrances from the gardens, to listen to the humming bees, and watch the plain-clothed gardeners.

Called "the most challenging architectural project of our time" the J. Paul Getty Fine Arts Center in West Los Angeles is now being designed by the Pritzker Prize winning architect Richard Meier, based in New York City. Once completed, the new center will house the Renaissance paintings and all European works of art now found on the upper level of the Malibu museum. This transfer will leave only the antiquities in the recreated Roman villa in Malibu. Obviously, the reserve collection and much else associated with antiquities, including more Greco-Roman art and new acquisitions, will have a place all their own.

The antiquities at the Getty, especially Greek art, reminded me of Winckelmann's famous description of classical art: "edle Einfalt und stille Grösse." Antiquities can instill a feeling of awe within us. No matter where they are located, antiquities—some of the finest of which are now found at the Getty—provide us with a profound sense of continuity with the best of Western civilization. Such treasures restore some of the original significance to Cicero's declaration: "There is no place more delightful than home." cc

Shehbaz H. Safrani is a writer and painter based in New York City.

STAGE

Out of Balance

by Gary S. Vasilash

Ray Pentzell, head of the Hillsdale College theater department, attended university during the heyday of improvisational theater off-Broadway. When he could, Pentzell traveled down from Yale to New York dressed in the "straightest" outfit he could put together. His objective was to be picked by the improv players, who often selected hapless members of the audience as targets of theatrical abuse. Pentzell figured that he was as good an actor as any of them, so he'd do them one better when they coerced the "unwilling" gent onto the stage.

Pentzell's rule-breaking tactics came to mind while watching Michael Bogdanov's production of Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure* at the Stratford Festival in Ontario, Canada. As the patrons filed into the Festival Theatre, the stage was set up to resemble a cabaret-type bar, where an effeminate "host" presided in black leather. Two transvestites ushered what seemed to be ticket-holding customers onto the stage. These embarrassed patrons were seated at tables and offered drinks from the bar. The use of this sort of improv schtick (now some 20 years old) made it appear that Stratford was trying to take a step away from its typically conventional staging. As it turns out, however, all of the participants on the stage were Shakespearean actors—though not crafty ones like Pentzell. The audience slowly realizes that it was all a setup, intended, I suspect, to do nothing more than titillate.

Bogdanov costumes the players, who play roles both in the preliminary schtick and in *Measure for Measure*, in contemporary clothing, implying, apparently, that the Shakespearean message is timeless. But that is not so in the case of *Measure for Measure*, a play whose meaning particularly requires the audience to share Shakespeare's own secure sense of a hierarchically ordered society. But the Elizabethan Great Chain of Being, from God to the lowest mote, has long disappeared from the popular imagination. The "mere anarchy" that Yeats saw loosed upon the world in "The Second Coming" has only intensified since. Shakespeare understandably dramatized the need for a humane laxity within a social matrix that itself remained firm. Today, the matrix is in pieces. As the moral focus of *Measure for Measure*, Angelo learns through a series of painful reversals to be less severe in judging transgression. The new costuming for the play only serves to obscure the tremendous shift in moral perspectives from Elizabethan times, when tolerance was a secondary virtue, to our own, when it is an excuse for having no others. cc

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letter From Minnesota

by Allan C. Carlson

American and British negotiators of the Treaty of Paris, attempting to set the northwestern boundary of the new United States, agreed on a line following Rainy River "to the Lake of the Woods, thence through said lake to the most northwestern part thereof." Another 60 years would pass before an accurate map, astronomical calculations, and political compromise would secure U.S. claim to a peninsula of roughly 100 square miles jutting out from Manitoba and above the 49th Parallel.

Separated from the remainder of Minnesota by a large body of water and surrounded on the other three sides by Canada, the Northwest Angle enjoys a kind of isolation that is rarely found in continental America today. Until a decade ago, it could only be reached by plane or boat. Today, a 40-mile drive through Manitoban forests and a new township dirt road link the Angle to civilization.

This relative isolation has kept the Angle in a kind of time warp. Indeed, its 60 year-round residents, mainly of Swedish and Norwegian descent, are today living out themes more attuned to the mid-19th century than to the age of computers and Purple Rain.

The frontier remains a reality here. Nature is not something to be protected. Rather, it is to be respected, feared, and used. Log cabins are being cut out of the forest, raised up by the hands of those who will live in them. Trees are felled along the peninsula's northern coast to make room for new settlers. Yet the great northern forest of birch and pine—beautiful, beckoning, primitive—seems barely to notice these activities of mere men.

New residents, especially those with children, are welcomed with enthusiasm. The Angle's one-room schoolhouse, the last to be found in Minnesota, needs children. A chill had spread over the community a half decade earlier when the building had been closed, the number of pupils having fallen below the minimum required by the state. Yet a new generation soon rose up, and the school's reopening, in a new structure built by the parents themselves, was a cause for rejoicing. The community and the public school are, at least here, still one.

The Angle has a church. Although called St. Luke's Lutheran, the congregation long ago cast off all ecclesiastical ties. Northern Minnesota is home to a number of Lutheran sects, small groups of congregations that have split off from the larger Lutheran entities over varied, yet deeply felt, theological disputes. St. Luke's fits the independent mold. Unbeholden to bishops or bureaucracies, the little congregation has its own eclectic style of worship, one that would shock the professors at the Chicago Seminary. Part Friends Meeting, part evangelical testimony, part hymn sing, worship services show a refreshing vigor.

The lay preacher on a recent Sunday was Mike Rasmussen, who, with his wife and three small children, runs a small fishing camp. His text came from Ecclesiastes 9: "Let your garments be always white, and let your head not lack the oil of gladness. Live joyfully with the wife whom you love all the days of your vain life which He has given you under the sun—all the days of futility; for that is your portion in this life and in your work at which you toil under the sun." Children were a great blessing and a greater challenge, he said; divorce and broken families, great curses. Women should dress to please their husbands. Men must respect their wives, call them by their first names, show them their love. Marriage and family were ordained by God.

Of course, sin coexists with holiness on the Angle. Yet here, it has almost a heroic dimension, taking on the qualities of a morality play. Gossip this July still surrounded a man who went by the name of Nels. A fishing guide in the summer, he cut contract timber on Indian land during the off season. For a number of years, he had lived with an Indian woman, without benefit of wedlock, and had fathered a son by her. Yet she took to drink. Nels, meanwhile, had developed an acquaintance with the schoolteacher. She invited him and his woman to attend the church. The latter declined, but Nels began coming to Sunday services and, eventually, Wednesday evening Bible study. Within a few months, he had become a Christian. He left his Indian woman and soon thereafter married the teacher in a Christian ceremony.

Race relations on the Angle means contact between whites and Indians. Two-thirds of the land on the Angle is owned by the Red Lake (Ojibway) Indians, yet none of them live there. They merely lease out the land to enterprising white woodcutters. Instead, resident Indians are found across the Angle Inlet, in Canada. Frequently, though, they cross the unpatrolled border seeking gasoline, medical care, or drink. Quiet suspicion still governs most such contacts. "Drunken Indians" is a frequently heard epithet. With only one or two exceptions, one Angle resident added, the Indians had no ambition, weren't trying to improve themselves, lived only day to day. The clash of cultures was real.

Yet the economy on the Angle is not healthy. Most people live simply here, while tourism—the principle industry—is down. Fishing is still good on Lake of the Woods and catching one's daily limit of walleye a plausible task. The big-time fishermen, once the mainstay of the Angle, have moved north into the thousands of fly-in, virgin lakes of Manitoba and Ontario. Also damaging is a new Ontario law requiring persons staying in American camps but fishing in Canadian waters to buy a $3 "user's permit" each day,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Special Offer

The World Calendar • Le calendrier mondial • Der Weltkalender
El Almanaque Mundial • 世界暦 • التقـويـم العـالمـي

THE 1986 WORLD CALENDAR
The World Calendar · Le calendrier mondial · Der Weltkalender · El Almanaque Mundial · 世界暦 · التقويم العالمي

We live in an increasingly interdependent world with distinctive local, regional, linguistic and religious customs. When we travel, conduct business, or entertain visitors from other countries, we can be more sensitive, productive and relaxed if we are aware of the cultural differences among us. The World Calendar has been created as a cross-cultural reference to assist communication and understanding on an international level.

"Certain calendars almost seem to leap out at one, not so much for their attractiveness, for almost all are attractive, but because of a special theme or use. This is about a calendar that fits that description. It is not on the best seller list, and may not be easy to find. But worth the effort? Decidedly; yes! The World Calendar is intercultural – in six languages and is designed to help us communicate and understand on an international level. There is no color; it needs none. Its photos are striking, each chosen for its depiction of a world culture. Every school room and every home with a child in it should have one."
Minneapolis Tribune

This handsome calendar is lavishly illustrated with old photos and engravings which reflect the world's diversity of cultural tradition. Each month brings a new theme based on an important cultural or religious motif.

The World Calendar is truly the first international calendar. Printed in six languages – English, French, German, Spanish, Japanese and Arabic.

This large (11" x 14") calendar will be an attractive addition to any room – whether at home or the office.

Includes:

- Holidays of the world's five major religions – Christianity, Judaism, Islamism, Hinduism, Buddhism – in six languages.
- National and bank holidays of a hundred nations.
- Each weekday and month in six languages.
- Each photo caption in six languages.
- An International Time Zone map.
- English radio broadcast frequencies throughout the world.
- And an index to help you find, understand, and teach celebration days throughout the globe.

Available now for $8.95. Better yet, order two or more at only $8.50 and save $.75 on each.
Excellent for holiday giving.

"I have just seen your World Calendar and was very impressed. In my position, I have many occasions to see many people of all ages who are interested in international issues and in making the world a safe place to live for everyone. Your Calendar is a wonderful affirmation of the spirit of brotherhood that we hope to share with all the people of the world."
Charles Einhorn, Assistant Director CARE

"I take this opportunity to congratulate you for a useful work, done with a high level of good taste."
Cultural Attache, Embassy of Brazil

"The information contained within the World Calendar will permit us to advise our traveling friends and colleagues of upcoming religious events in the countries they are planning to visit."
Cultural Attache, Embassy of France

"Our subscribers have found The World Calendar to be an excellent resource for international business and travel."
Bill Bonner, Publisher, International Living

World Calendar - CC
c/o Educational Extension Systems
P.O. Box 11048, Cleveland Park Station
Washington, D.C. 20008

☐ Please send one (1) calendar at $8.95 + $1.00 postage ($9.95).
☐ Please send _____ calendars at $8.50 + $.75 each postage ($9.25).
☐ Check or Purchase Order enclosed.
☐ Charge my credit card ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCharge
Card No. _____ Expiration Date _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in addition to the regular license. The human consequences are mounting. The Rasmussens, experiencing a lean summer and the prospect of little income after September, are considering moving down to mainland Minnesota for the winter. "We have to eat," they say.

Yet, in another turn of the frontier theme, the women of the Angle are working to change its image. The prevailing assumption appears to be that the days of exclusive attention to fishing, duck hunting, and timber cutting are over; the Angle must reposition itself as a family resort center. The women have organized a Chamber of Commerce and have published a new tabloid-size brochure extolling activities such as "wining and dining," "honeymooning," mushrooming, berry-picking, photographing wildflowers, and bird-watching. Civilization, ushered in by the feminine half of the species, is coming to the Angle.

Some of the men are grumbling. Jake, who operates one of the Angle's two bars and a decidedly unquaint fishing camp, refuses to join the Chamber or to advertise in the brochure. Nels, always restless, and his new bride have just taken off for Alaska, looking again for the frontier. cc

Allan Carlson is executive vice president of The Rockford Institute.

LIBERAL ARTS

Theology, Barabbas Style

So much attention has been focused on South Africa recently that there has scarcely been time to savor the new benefits of majority rule now being enjoyed by what used to go by the name of Rhodesia. These benefits were recently described by the former Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia, Garfield Todd (generally regarded as a tacit *supporter* of the current Marxist regime), as a "horrible and unnecessary situation where the country is faced on every side by a breakdown of discipline." Todd spoke of assaults upon innocent citizens and their property, of rape, maiming, and murder.

Kein angst! Zimbabwe officials are devoting unprecedented attention to the country's Anglican Church. First on the agenda, according to the *Rhodesia Christian Group Newsletter*, is the transformation of the Church into a "people's Church." This means both the legitimizing of "traditional African tribal worship" *and* the creation of "a new theology based on the Marxist analysis of the nature of man and society." A leader in this new effort, the Rev. Canaan Banana (we are not making this up), recently declared: "As for me I am not ashamed of the revolution, for it is the power of the people unto salvation."

It must be a sign of Anglican decadence that some 200,000 former Rhodesians have now chosen to risk damnation in exile in preference to "salvation" at home. cc

Letter From the Southwest

by Odie Faulk

Giving, helping, caring—these are words frequently mentioned in the writings and orations of most religious and social philosophers. Giving and helping and caring are concepts that touch something deep in the breast of civilized mankind and call forth the kind of responses that distinguish him from the baser animals: compassion, kindness, generosity, concern for the welfare of others. This is a thought echoed in *The Proverbes of John Heywood* (1546), "Better to give than to take."

Such is the wellspring that has led to uncountable acts of individual benevolence—the coin in the outstretched hand of a beggar, the feeding of the tramp at the door, the donation of clothing to warm the poor. At a more organized level, the desire to give and share has led to the founding of literally thousands of private charities which search for cures for diseases, fight famine in far-off places, and secure foster parents for needy children in foreign lands. These are the instincts that have led to an outpouring of private gifts in myriad forms for the victims of earthquake, flood, fire, drought, pestilence, and war.

In the United States, this individual generosity of spirit found its strongest expression on the frontier. Most pioneers were on the same economic level—poor—and they labored to help each other. They cooperated in barn raisings and house buildings. They joined to plant and to harvest, and they took care of the destitute among them.

Americans are certainly not unique in feeling and acting upon such uplifting emotions. Charity has come from the individuals of many nations in time of crisis and need, yet Americans are noted throughout the world for their willingness to give. Most people would agree that individual charity is a positive force which ennobles the donor, uplifts society, and aids the less fortunate. Therefore, it should be encouraged.

Those who criticize the charity of individual Americans—both at home and abroad—have argued that it springs not from generosity or nobility of spirit, but rather from a selfish desire on the part of the donors to make themselves feel better, that the gifts are made to assuage guilty consciences for being so wealthy. Oliver Goldsmith echoed such a sentiment in *The Traveller* when he commented, "They give to get esteem."

However, the real corruption of this spirit of generosity came not because some gave in order "to get esteem," but rather when it was transformed from individual initiative to public policy. In the Populist era and again during the New Deal, the children and grandchildren of those who pioneered the frontier joined with Eastern liberals to translate what had been an individual act into government policy at the state and national levels. No longer would neighbors help raise a barn; there would be Federally subsidized farm loans. Nor was there need for a house raising; rather there would be FHA loans and low income housing. Plowing and harvesting would be Federally subsidized, and the county poor farm would be replaced by food stamps, aid to dependent children, rent subsidies, free health care, and numerous other programs.

But in the process of institutionalizing what had been a soaring of the individual spirit, philanthropy became a caricature of itself and was transformed into something negative. When philanthropy is demanded by law—in what amounts to a forced redistribution of the wealth—the result is neither of benefit to its recipients nor uplifting to those whose taxes

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pay for it. Today in the United States, statistics abound which show the deleterious effect of excessive socialism: in the soaring rate of illegitimate births and one-parent families, in the number of "third generation welfare and proud of it" loafers, in abandoned housing projects which became instant slums when completed, in waste, fraud, malfeasance, and misfeasance at every level of the bureaucracy.

Moreover, the taxes which support this system have discouraged the work incentive at the individual level while encouraging tax avoidance, which throws an extra burden on the honest taxpayer. In addition, this socialistic approach to government has led to so many demands for public largess that even excessive taxes cannot pay for it. The result has been runaway Federal deficits mounting toward fiscal chaos —which in the end will hurt most those whom the socialists claim they want to help: the needy.

In short, enacting philanthropy into state and Federal legislation has turned the whole Sermon on the Mount into an exercise in white vice. cc

Odie Faulk is a distinguished Southwestern historian and contributing editor.

Letter From the Lower Right

by John Shelton Reed

Science and Religion

I gather that the Texas Board of Education has done something commendable, but I don't know exactly what because the *Washington Post* (my source) was too busy deploring it to describe it. I assume it was something great because it reduced the *Post* to stammering incoherence. "Unbelievable" was only the beginning; "worse than silly . . . dishonest, futile, and stupid" were among the high points.

Apparently the board adopted "regulations allowing youngsters to graduate from high school without ever having heard of Charles Darwin or the theory of evolution." Actually, if that's all they don't know, they'll be better off than most high school graduates in any state I'm familiar with. Wonder how many D.C. high schoolers could identify Darwin or give an accurate précis of his theory?

The *Post*'s editors ought to explain why this particular lacuna is so distressing. Would they be equally upset by a ruling that graduates need not "have heard" of Jesus and His theory of redemption?

Someone needs to point out, first, that we do not have a national educational system; second, that if states and localities are going to support public schools in the first place, they should decide what is to be taught; third, that they should have the right to make even foolish decisions.

* * *

Anyway, there's good news from MIT for creation scientists. Dr. Hyman Hartman, a meteorologist, has suggested that there are some problems with the theory of the origin of life supported by most of his colleagues: that life originated from organic compounds formed by lightning in an ammonia-methane atmosphere.

Hartman believes that the earth's atmosphere was nitrogen, water, and carbon dioxide (like that of Mars today); if so, lightning wouldn't do the trick. He thinks the crucial reaction was between carbon dioxide and a substance called montmorillonite, in the presence of ultraviolet light.

What is montmorillonite? Well, it's a kind of . . . Well, you see, it's . . . What it is, is clay.

* * *

At the grass roots, American ingenuity still contrives to frustrate Federal meddlers. The non-Communist public continues to pray more or less at will, out of school or in it.

Since most non-Communist Americans seem to be in the South, or moving to it, the school prayer issue necessarily has a regional tinge. All the examples of defiance reported in a recent *Wall Street Journal* article came from Dixie. In Liberty, Kentucky, for instance, a school forbidden to post the Ten Commandments in classrooms posted instead a page from the *Congressional Record*—on which were found the Ten Commandments. In North Carolina, a survey estimates that 18 percent of all public schools ignore the Supreme Court's usurpation and offer daily prayer anyway.

When prayers are outlawed, only outlaws will say prayers. (Didn't we learn anything from Prohibition?)

* * *

Bootleg prayer seems to be pretty much a Southern phenomenon, but other folks don't like being pushed around either. In Winnipeg, where a new law requires all restaurants that seat more than 30 people to provide a nonsmoking section, restaurateur Tony Rambone has designated his front veranda as the nonsmoking section—not unaware of the fact that temperatures there are typically well below freezing.

In this country, of course, antismoking laws have been pioneered by San Francisco, home of Sister Boom-Boom and the 1984 Democratic Convention. Leave it to the modern Democratic Party to meet in a city that regards smoking—and little else—as a crime against nature. Mama always said you don't have to drink and smoke to have a good time, but I don't think San Francisco is what she had in mind.

* * *

When my wife ventured out to Marin County recently, she came back with a copy of the local newspaper, *The Sun*. All I know is what I read in the paper: "The Church of the Healing Hands" advertises a Friday-night hot tub liturgy. The Institute of Colonic Hygiene announces that it has changed its name to the Inner Beauty Institute. (It offers something called "full body facials.")

Southern California seems only marginally less weird. Dr. Robert Franklyn, a Los Angeles plastic surgeon who, in 1952, pioneered augmentation mammaplasty (b**b jobs, as they're known in these parts), claims that "we're 10 to 15 years ahead of the East Coast." Dr. Michael Hogan, an NYU plastic doc, agrees. His West Coast colleagues routinely use implants three times larger than the ones common in the East. Where's Ralph Nader when you need him?

Look. If we can't secede, can we kick them out? cc

John Shelton Reed has written for Science, The Public Interest, The Virginia Quarterly Review, *and* The Baker Street Journal.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letter From the Heartland

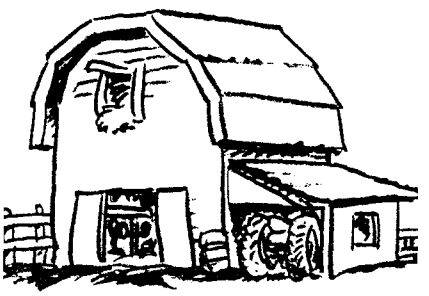
by Jane Greer

You can tell Midwesterners from other folks by the way they poke public fun at the Midwest. Iowa recently held a contest to find a state license-plate slogan, and the entry generating the most attention was "Iowa: Gateway to Nebraska." North Dakota has erected a series of billboards along its highways, among them "Stay in North Dakota: Minnesota's Closed" and "Stay in North Dakota: Custer Was Healthy When He Left." Wall Drug signs, advertising the tiny South Dakota Badlands tourist meccas, stretch the length of red London double-decker buses.

The national nightly news carries no evidence of similar self-effacement in other parts of the country. Still, this is our *public* amusement (we are easily, desperately amused; bear in mind our endless winters). In private, each Midwesterner, if he considers himself a Midwesterner, is an awkward, taciturn immigrant, fresh off the ox-cart, determined to contend successfully with landscape and weather. Our pride has sweat behind it, although that sweat may simply be part of our childhood or racial memory (from our parents' or grandparents' stories) or of the collective unconscious (if we came here from Tijuana or the Bronx). The sweat of those who came before, and those who labor still, is passed on with the land. (Now *that's* a conservative thought.)

On the other hand, while outsiders may snicker at us, Boston matrons looking for reliable live-in nannies advertise in the *Rockford Register-Star* and the *Sioux Falls Argus Leader*. Pollsters turn to Omaha and Des Moines to learn who the next President will probably be. Radio announcers across the country try to "imitate" speech sound-patterns that don't exist but are called "Midwestern." Why?

I have no proof, but I think it might be the wind. It grazes over the Rockies before rampaging like a great ghost-herd of buffalo across the plains, slowing over Iowa, nearly docile a state or two farther on. In between, there is literally nothing to stop it, and the days it lets up during a year, especially in the northernmost states, can be counted on the fingers of two hands. Through bone-shattering cold, blinding heat, and those subtle, brief, glorious, intermediate moments jokingly called "spring" and "fall" by the people who live here, the merciless wind scours from us most of what is unnecessary. (Another sure sign that someone is a Midwesterner is that he'll bring up the weather when you're not expecting it. He may gripe or affect resignation, but by God you can tell he *enjoys* matching wits with drought and blizzard!)



Mostly, though, Midwesterners are not pushy about the things they'd like to say. Oh, occasionally some Midwestern politician will rise to fame in the U.S. House or Senate, but by then, of course, he's so far gone that he's useless to us. And it's not that we'd all like to say the same things; there is possibly *more* diversity in the Midwest than on either coast, where fashion carries a bigger stick than the average person's independence of thought can easily withstand. It's just that it's very hard to claim fame or make your mark on the world *in* the Midwest, even—hold your hate mail—in Chicago or Kansas City or Minneapolis/St. Paul. Tom Brokaw can't even *spell* them. Johnny Carson, Herbert Hoover, Jessica Lange, Walter Mondale, Peggy Lee—they all had to go somewhere else *from* here to make good. Midwesterners understand this fact of life and have learned not to make scenes: no one will be watching.

But some scenes are worth making, and when a national magazine like *Chronicles of Culture*, proudly situated in the Midwest, offers space so that these very nice folks settin' out here on the steppe can have their day, that magazine's pioneering spirit should not go unrewarded. A lifelong Midwesterner, I want those unfortunate enough to live elsewhere to understand, finally, what beats here in the heartland. We have our share of crazies (just fewer per square mile), but we are also a rich repository of what has always been *best* about this country: love of hard work; respect for human institutions; liberal acceptance of human foolishness and frailty, tempered with a stubborn Old World view of God, responsibility, and sin; and appreciation of the smallest good things in life. Fads take about two years to get here from their coastal hatcheries, and by then they're nearly harmless. We like what we are and aim to stay that way—there is no regional *angst* to speak of—and that seems worth trying to illustrate.

My impudence in taking this task upon myself embarrasses me, until I remember that in my impudence I'm in pretty classy company with other writers from other regions over the centuries. I intend to examine many places and phenomena, and one of those places will be Plainfield (in Plainfield County), population, oh, let's say 60,000, state capital, college town, where common sense is at least *trying* to prevail.

In case you're not convinced yet: Zero Population Growth recently did a study of the most- and least-stressful U.S. cities, taking into account 11 criteria, including violent crime, individual and community economics, education, and pollution. Fargo, North Dakota, was found to be the least stressful city in the nation. (The group gave high points for a low birthrate, naturally, but the AP out of Washington said the Fargo climate, "marked by long and bitterly cold winters, was not taken into account." When is someone going to investigate the disproportionate number of October births in Fargo?) Nine of the 13 cities ranked as worst were in California, Florida, and New Jersey, and ZPG found that the most stressful city in the country is Miami. What did I tell you? Those people could use some of what we in the Midwest call "weather." cc

Jane Greer edits and publishes Plains Poetry Journal.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Special Issues

The Chesterton Review

An international quarterly of literary criticism, social philosophy, and theology. The *Review* also includes book reviews, illustrations, as well as uncollected essays and short stories by G.K. Chesterton and other twentieth-century authors.

SPECIAL BONUS:
With each new subscription you receive a free copy of one of the special issues.

THE CHRISTOPHER DAWSON SPECIAL ISSUE

Among the contributors: Chauncey Stillman, the founder of the Chair of Roman Catholic Studies at Harvard University of which Dawson was the first occupant; John J. Mulloy, editor of **The Dynamics of World History**; Bruno Schleisinger of Notre Dame University; and J. Ambrose Raftis, President of the Pontifical Institute of Mediaeval Studies at the University of Toronto.

THE ERIC GILL SPECIAL ISSUE

Contributors include Sir John Rothenstein, Brocard Sewell, Mary Ellen Evans and Conrad Pepler.

THE FATHER BROWN SPECIAL ISSUE

This issue includes an uncollected Chesterton Detective Story and the articles include: "Chesterton and Dorothy Sayers" by Barbara Reynolds; "The Priest and the Poets" by Jane D. Eberwein; and "Kenneth More as Father Brown" by Anthony Grist.

THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY SPECIAL ISSUE

published in November, 1984. Articles in this issue include: "Chesterton in Ireland: A Mystical Pilgrimage" by Noel O'Donoghue of the University of Edinburgh; "The Blatchford-Chesterton Debate of 1903-1904" by Stanley L. Jaki of Seton Hall University; "The Achievement of Christopher Dawson" by Russell Kirk.

GEORGE GRANT SPECIAL ISSUE

Grant has been described as the most influential conservative philosopher and social commentator in Canada today. Admirers of both Chesterton and Grant will welcome this special issue in which Grant's thought is presented by a group of modern critics.

Please send this order form with payment to THE CHESTERTON REVIEW
1437 College Drive, Saskatoon, Sask., Canada S7N 0W6

Subscription cost $16.00 per year or $8.00 per special issue.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____

Bonus Special Issues
(Check one)

- ☐ **Christopher Dawson**
- ☐ **Father Brown**
- ☐ **George Grant**
- ☐ **Eric Gill**
- ☐ **10th Anniversary**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On "Marxism & Motorcycle Maintenance"

Rather than answer Thomas Ashton point-by-point, I prefer to wear his critique (*Chronicles*, November 1985) as a badge of honor. I am struck, in the history of people and ideas, by the frequency of the distinction between personalities and their thoughts. The Rousseau of *The Confessions* and the Rousseau of *The Discourse on Inequality* being perhaps the classic case. Civility as well as common sense dictates an appreciation of disjunctions as well as conjunctions.

If being charged with "anti-psychological" is equated with coarse ad hominem remarks like "C. Wright Mills chased the future even more feverishly than he pursued his female graduate students," then I stand rightly accused. It is precisely why, despite years of personal association with Mills, I chose not to highlight a Hollywood-type gossip-column approach to someone whose career must ultimately be measured by his contributions to social research rather than public exhibition.

My book on Mills attempts to be fair and balanced. It is quite critical of his later phases and equally praising of his pioneering early efforts at reexamining stratification and power in American society. I would only point out that the critical references to Trilling, Hofstadter, and Kirk, mentioned by your reviewer, derive from my text. I would submit sir, that this in itself indicates the essential balance and fairness of the text.

To present a strident condemnation (or celebration) of an individual (Mills) dead for nearly a quarter century would serve no useful scholarly purpose. I describe my book as a sociological biography—precisely to avoid the rampant emotionalism exhibited by a reviewer who speaks of seeing Mills "taking off on his motorcycle with a good-looking blond on the backseat." And to add that Mills "did not look much like a scholar. He looked more like a bear that had lost a fight with a lawnmower" shows what reviewing in the service of animus can lead to: hubris.

Irving Louis Horowitz
Rutgers State University

Professor Ashton Replies:

Prof. Horowitz tells us that he is "struck" by "the distinction between personalities and their thoughts"; his readers, however, have no choice but to be dumbstruck. Clinging to the notion that what people think and what they do may be severed is academic indulgence at its worst. And even worse is the intention of modern liberalism to free itself of moral evaluation by taking the so-called high road that bypasses the bankruptcy of its agenda. We can learn a great deal more about badges of honor in *The Scarlet Letter* than in the "fair and balanced" "sociological biography" before us. These works can only be thought of as precursors to studies of Hitler's intellectual life subtitled *fascism without the holocaust*. Stalin sans gulag is sure to follow. cc

Thomas L. Ashton
University of Massachusetts

On "Animals and 'Other Awkward Cases'"

In his review of recent books by Bernard Rollin and Mary Midgley (*Chronicles*, August 1985), Jay Mechling astutely presents some of the strengths and weaknesses in the current debate over animal rights. Thus Mary Midgley's case for kinship and moral community in preference to the inbuilt limitations of the utilitarian standpoint presents as not merely philosophically sound, but as in tune with today's rapidly growing feeling for a more holistic world pattern that is not only human but humane.

As Stephen Clark's untypically sub-

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Locke: An Introduction **by John W. Yolton; Basil Blackwell; New York; $29.95.** A summary profile of a philosopher who left a problematic legacy in his advocacy of liberal individualism, of rationalized religion, and of a naturalized metaphysics.

Is Capitalism Christian?**; edited by Franky Schaeffer; Crossway; Westchester, IL; $9.95.** Contributors—who include Paul Johnson, Peter Berger, Richard John Neuhaus, and R. Emmett Tyrrell—do not baptize the stock exchange, but they do clear capitalism of most of the charges made against it by the pious left.

Theological Dictionary of the New Testament**; edited by Gerhard Kittel and Gerhard Friedrich; abridged by Geoffrey W. Bromiley; Eerdmans/Paternoster; Grand Rapids, MI.** At last, a one-volume abridgment of "the Kittle," the nine-volume standard reference so indispensable to serious New Testament scholarship. Details and some documentation are sacrificed in the shortening, but none of the original entries have been eliminated.

The Intellectuals Speak Out About God: A Handbook for the Christian Student in a Secular Society**; edited by Roy Abraham Varghese; Regnery Gateway; Chicago.** An important book of essays by intellectuals who found God, including Robert Jastrow, Sir John Eccles, Rupert Sheldrake, Stanley Jaki, and Wolfhart Pannenberg.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dued essay points out, conservationists tend to be shy of using any but "economic" arguments, fearing that appeal to rational greed catches more votes than trading in the emotions. But then greed counts for most in nearly every situation. Perhaps the ugliest manifestation of the human spirit is our self-satisfaction; the most alarming, our inability to feel a concern with the world's future beyond our own lifetimes.

Timely and stimulating though I find your forum ("The Natural Man"), it leaves a predominantly "speciesist" (coined by Richard D. Ryder) flavor in the mouth. It demands acceptance that man was "given" dominion over the earth, ensuring that however stoutly your contributors may strike out toward a more compassionate concept of our relationships with nonhuman species, in the end we must return to an Old Testament creator issuing a blank check to only one of "His" species. Ergo, we have free will and may do what we wish with our environment, subject only to *mankind's* right to question our behavior.

This premise leads inevitably to non sequiturs, and the case for animal rights is surely too strong to be demolished by such means. Tibor Machan holds that "the justification for human sovereignty is our capacity to choose a line of conduct, as well as the responsibility to choose it well, properly," but that animals do not possess free will and are therefore not entitled to rights or "liberation."

The fact of history is that our species has *not* proved its ability to choose its lines of conduct well. We may be the most powerful, prolific, and ruthless species, but can we claim to be successful in any ultimate or evolutionary sense of that word?

It is, I suggest, the arrogance of modern, technological man, who believes that his gadgets and his mobility are proof of his maturity, that is his major stumbling block to real progress. A moral and spiritual pygmy, man's least right is to claim superiority over species whose representatives enter and leave the natural world without harming it, and in whom the evolutionary pattern may well be working its purpose out more harmoniously, and ultimately more productively, than we who have created a society sick to its core and now in serious doubt of its survival.

Animals do not ask to be "elevated" to personhood. In the glorious prose of Henry Beston:

"We need another and a wiser and perhaps a more mystical concept of animals. . . . We patronize them for their incompleteness, for their tragic fate of having taken form so far below ourselves. And therein we err and err greatly. For the animal shall not be measured by man. In a world older and more complete than ours, they move finished and complete, gifted with extensions of the senses we have lost or never attained, living by voices we shall never hear. They are not brethren; they are not underlings; they are other nations, caught with ourselves in the net of life and time, fellow prisoners of the splendor and travail of the earth." cc

Jon Wynne-Tyson, author of The Extended Circle, *is a leading animal rights activist in Britain.*

CULTURAL REVOLUTIONS

Las Vegas in the cornfields might be the slogan for the New Iowa now emerging in the land once known principally for its sturdy yeoman farmers and no-nonsense Methodists. But last summer Iowa joined the growing number of states which raise tax revenues by running a lottery—which is the respectable name for what used to be known as the numbers racket. To his credit, Iowa Governor Terry Branstad at first fought the lottery initiative. He vetoed lottery bills in 1983 and in 1984. He was willing, he said, to permit state-regulated (but not state-*run*) dog and horse racing. But he found it morally inappropriate for the state to sponsor and promote the sale of false hope through a state lottery. Certainly, the governor could have cited any number of authorities to support moral opposition to the lottery. It has often been observed that public gambling is a sure sign of a civilization in decline.

But apparently there weren't enough Iowans who opposed the evils of gambling: with opinion polls showing a solid majority of Iowans favoring the lottery and with state legislators complaining loudly about the outflow of state money to Illinois' state lottery, Branstad reluctantly gave in. David Roederer, the governor's administrative assistant, recently explained that a provision for some of the lottery income to support a "Gambler's Anonymous" written into the final version of the bill made the measure more acceptable. Hook them, then treat them—bureaucratic schizophrenia is not confined to Washington.

Arguably, Branstad's task of standing against a dubious majority preference would have been much easier if the U.S. Supreme Court had not wrested control of the state legislature away from Iowa's farmers and given it to the state's cities. In a series of rulings in 1962-64, the Court held that both houses of all state legislatures had to be apportioned according to population, not by counties or by geographic area. (That this decision im-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plied a criticism of the structure of the U.S. Congress itself did not seem to trouble the justices.) The governor's press secretary, Susan Neely, expressed doubts about this interpretation. She noted that the most prominent opponents of the lottery were fundamentalist preachers in *urban* churches. But a 1983 poll conducted by the *Des Moines Register and Tribune* found that rural residents of the state were much more strict in their moral standards than were the urban residents.

Some observers in the state believed that it was precisely because of the redistricting mandated by the Supreme Court in the early 60's that the state's liquor laws were liberalized in the mid-60's under reformed alcoholic Governor Harold Hughes. (We wonder if some of the newly generated booze money was earmarked for Alcoholics Anonymous.) No doubt legislative debates in the state over divorce and Sunday-closing laws have likewise been affected by the Supreme Court decision reducing the influence of Iowa's straitlaced rural legislators.

What can Iowans expect from their state lottery? Just across the border in Illinois, the state spends enormous sums on TV advertising to promote the Illinois lottery. The most effective commercials show workers discussing the advantages of different investment vehicles: Treasury bills? Municipal bonds? Growth stocks? No! The smart worker buys tickets on a lottery where he can win a million bucks. What the commercials don't tell you is that you get better odds in Vegas—or in three-card monte, for that matter. And what the authorities in Illinois and Iowa don't want to think about are the moral consequences of telling hard-working citizens not to save but to gamble, not to work toward a better future, but to dream of an impossible and irresponsible bliss.

Iowa's recent lottery bill did include a "sunset" provision requiring another vote to extend the lottery more than five years. Perhaps as the debilitating moral effects of state-sanctioned gambling laws become evident, even citified state legislators will abolish it. But we wouldn't bet on it. cc

Academic freedom now has become an issue at Fordham and Stanford. At Fordham, the case concerns Phyllis Zagano, who failed to get tenure in the Communications Department. In her suit, Dr. Zagano alleges that her former chairman, George Gordon, was biased against women, conservatives, and zealous Catholics. What has already been decided by the university administration is that Gordon enjoys an absolute right to publish the vulgar editorials in *Screw*, cited in the courtroom by Zagano. Writing to *National Review*, Joseph A. O'Hare, SJ, president of the university, admits that he is "embarrassed and offended" that Gordon "would consider *Screw* magazine a suitable outlet for his writing," yet he declines to challenge a "tenured faculty member's decision . . . [that] could and would [the missing word is *should*] be defended as an exercise of academic freedom."

President O'Hare is, admittedly, in a difficult position. He is a new president in the throes of a legal battle. Gordon has been replaced as chairman by Professor Trisha Curran, which is, shall we say, providential in a sex discrimination case. Even if the president wanted to get rid of the pornographer, it is not clear how he could go about it. What university these days forbids faculty members to write dirty books?

What complicates the issue is that Fordham itself is hardly the advanced guard of the sexual revolution. During the 60's and 70's, while other universities were committing academic suicide by eliminating all merely "academic"

Now Available From The Rockford Institute

Announcing two new titles in the Occasional Papers series

#13 TAKING THE BLINDERS OFF John A. Howard, president of The Rockford Institute writes that while moral relativity has triumphed in America, there are hopeful signs for the future.

#14 THE TRAGEDY OF SEX EDUCATION Policy analyst Edward J. Lynch critiques the new curriculum proposed for the New York City schools.

(See order form below for additional titles available in this series.)

Title			Qty.	Amt.
☐ #13	**Taking the Blinders Off** by John A. Howard	$1.00 ea.		
☐ #14	**The Tragedy of Sex Education** by Edward J. Lynch	$2.00 ea.		
☐ # 9	**On Strategy and Politics** by Mackubin T. Owens	$.35 ea.		
☐ #10	**Straight Talk on the Economy** by Edson I. Gaylord	$.35 ea.		
☐ #11	**Soviet Global Strategy** by Faith Ryan Whittlesey	$.35 ea.		
☐ #12	**Our National Self-Confidence** by Allan C. Carlson	$.35 ea.		

Amount due: $

Postage and handling: Add $.50 for orders totalling $0 - 4.99 Add $1.00 for orders totalling $5.00 or more $

U.S. Dollars Only. Please make check or money order payable to The Rockford Institute. **Total Amount Due:** $

Name Address

City State Zip

OcP85

The Rockford Institute • 934 North Main Street • Rockford • Illinois • 61103

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

requirements, Fordham held firm. It is hard to believe the Jesuits capable of stomaching even the sight of Professor Gordon, who has repeatedly written for a magazine judged "obscene by any standard" by the New York Court of Appeals in 1973. "It is hard to conceive of how a publication could reach any further lows in attempts to appeal to prurient interest," opined the court. And unlike a Toynbee interview in *Playboy*, Gordon's work in *Screw*—obscene in style, diction, and content—does not rise above its surroundings.

Meanwhile the same university officials who defend their professors' right to publish such material are asking the court to strike from the record Zagano's "scandalous and inflammatory" references to Professor Gordon's *Screw* editorials. Fordham representatives are also suggesting that the court put the entire record of the case under seal to reduce press coverage of the suit. No doubt it would injure tender judicial and public sensitivities (to say nothing of alumni giving) to learn what professors are doing with their academic freedom these days.

The facts are different, but it is the same story on the West Coast. Stanford University officials recently canceled a course on the moral philosophy of war and peace, taught by retired Navy Admiral James Stockdale, winner of the Congressional Medal of Honor and one of the clearest thinkers on military ethics we have had in a long time. The reasons for Stanford's cancellation of the course remain unclear. Admiral Stockdale, a fellow of the Hoover Institution, allegedly failed to file a curriculum form on time, but that seems an inadequate excuse for terminating a highly successful and provocative course. With an enrollment of over 100 students on a campus with only 5,000 undergraduates, Stockdale's course was doing twice as well as the university's countercourse on the philosophy of pacifism.

Stockdale reports that many of his students have been "more or less astounded by what I had to say. I think most university students draw sort of a curtain over what happens to people in combat. This idea of war being hell—that's the beginning and end of it for them."

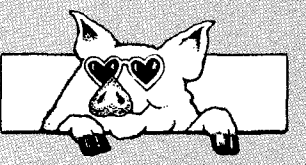
Many at Stanford believe that the reason the course was canceled was that liberal faculty members detest the conservative mainstream politics of the Hoover Institution. Affiliated with Stanford but not directly subject to administration or faculty control, the Hoover Institution has attracted many leading scholars (who are authorized to teach on campus) and has been designated as the recipient of President Reagan's official papers. Many faculty members at Stanford resent the presence of a conservative study center and many still harbor anti-Vietnam War sentiments strongly at odds with Stockdale's teachings about the Communists and the war effort. Apparently, academic freedom can be stretched only so far. If only Stockdale had written a couple of *Screw* editorials.

"Can 50 million Frenchmen be wrong?" used to be the great rhetorical question in advertising. Now the question is more likely to go something like, "Can the Swedes ever do anything right?" Whether it's social policies or staying "neutral" in World War II, the people who run modern Sweden are doing their best to live down to the age-old epithet, "dumb." The best of the country must have emigrated to the U.S. The biggest opportunity to disgrace themselves in world opinion comes every year, when the Swedish Academy announces the Nobel Prizes. This year they outdid themselves. The Rev. Jerry Falwell had his doubts about Desmond Tutu, but this year's selection—International Physicians for the Prevention of Nuclear War—strains the faith and charity of everyone familiar with their work. (For their scare tactics, these doctors should have received the Little Red Hen Award.) What could top the Peace Prize? Consider the Prize for Literature, which this year goes to a dried-up master of the avant-garde, Claude Simon. That's right: Claude Simon. Don't look for his books in the stores or in a local library. They probably will not be there, unless you live in walking distance from a great university with a large French department full of professors who enjoy the combination of bad prose and plotless fiction. The Swedes had better watch out: it's awards like these that make you mad enough to spank your children. cc

LIBERAL ARTS

Finishing School

Lisa Birnbach (high priestess of prep) extols Hampshire College (a leftover from the 60's counterculture) and in the course of discussion offers us a wonderful new definition of liberal-hip open-mindedness:



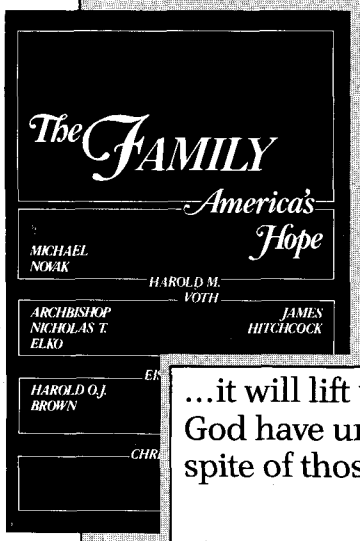
> There is a lot of anger at Hampshire College, mainly manifested in a mistrust of Out There—the horribly imagined real world. Students and teachers alike, all on a first-name basis, have a sense of being part of something different, politically correct, and somehow more right than other places. If you come with a narrow mind, don't bother coming at all (from *Lisa Birnbach's College Book* [1984]).

Right. At Hampshire, they *burn* people with narrow minds! cc

Rock 'n' roll never forgets. Neither do the senators' wives who lead the Parents Music Research Center. They can repeat verbatim almost every dirty line in rock music. Quite an accomplishment, even if you only tried to memorize Prince's contribution to the genre. While the PMRC is making little progress on rating rock music, a more direct form of pressure is being exerted on Dire Straits, whose #1 song "Money for Nothing" has been deemed offensive—but not by well-connected mothers. This time it is homophiliac "males" who object to public use of the word "faggot." Queer, isn't it, how it's all right to be it so long as you don't use the word and queerer still that the lyrics actually make fun of lower class hostility to rock musicians and homosexuals? If we did not already know how much influence they have in the arts, we do now: You can still hear the uncensored version on the album, *Brothers in Arms*, but the top 40 single had to be rerecorded. It's good to know that some standards of decency still prevail.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"For intellectual and spiritual support and reinforcement, parents will want to read



THE FAMILY

AMERICA'S HOPE

...it will lift your spirits and strengthen your determination to fulfill the role you and God have undertaken together: that of being the best parents you can possibly be in spite of those who would destroy the foundation of Western civilization."

—The Barbara M. Morris Report

This book is designed to be of assistance to parents, teachers, counselors, clergy, legislators, social service agency personnel, and others whose responsibilities affect the well-being of the family.

Eminent spokesmen for the family review the primary functions of the family, examine circumstances which inhibit those functions, propose some actions for counteracting antifamily influences, and consider some of the ways in which religion may more effectively support the family.

- "The American Family, an Embattled Institution," by Michael Novak, author and resident scholar at the American Enterprise Institute
- "The Role of the Family in Nurturing the Child for Responsible Adulthood," by Harold M. Voth, M.D., senior psychiatrist and psychoanalyst at the Menninger Foundation
- "The Family as a Stabilizing Force in the Life of an Adult," by James Hitchcock, Catholic social critic and professor of history at St. Louis University
- "Modern Culture and the Norms for Intimate Relationships," by the late Leopold Tyrmand, former vice president of The Rockford Institute
- "Religion in Support of the Family—*A Jewish Commentary*," by Mayer Eisenstein, M.D., a Chicago physician, vice chairman of the American College of Home Obstetrics, and on the Council for Jewish Elderly
- "Religion in Support of the Family—*A Catholic Commentary*," by Archbishop Nicholas T. Elko, Vicar General of the Archdiocese of Cincinnati
- "Religion in Support of the Family—*A Mormon Commentary*," by Joe J. Christensen, president of Ricks College and former Director of Seminaries and Institutes Worldwide of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints
- "Religion in Support of the Family—*A Protestant Commentary*," by Harold O.J. Brown, chairman of the department of theology at Trinity Evangelical Divinity School
- "Upholding the Principles of Family Solidarity in an Adversary Culture," by John A. Howard, president of The Rockford Institute

$4.00 ($2.50 each, 10 or more)
Published by The Rockford Institute

THE FAMILY: AMERICA'S HOPE
ORDER FORM

☐ Please send me _____ copy(s) of *The Family: America's Hope* at $4.00 plus 50¢ postage & handling each (10 or more, $2.50 each).

☐ Please send me more information about The Rockford Institute.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State/Zip_____

Quantity ordered _____

Amount $_____

Postage & handling $_____

TOTAL $_____

Please make check or money order payable to The Rockford Institute. ***U.S. Funds Only.***

F85/1

The Rockford Institute • 934 North Main Street • Rockford, Illinois 61103

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED